William Kunstler/The Deadly Charms of Angel Dust/Redwoods Redux

MARCH 20, 1978 $1.00
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

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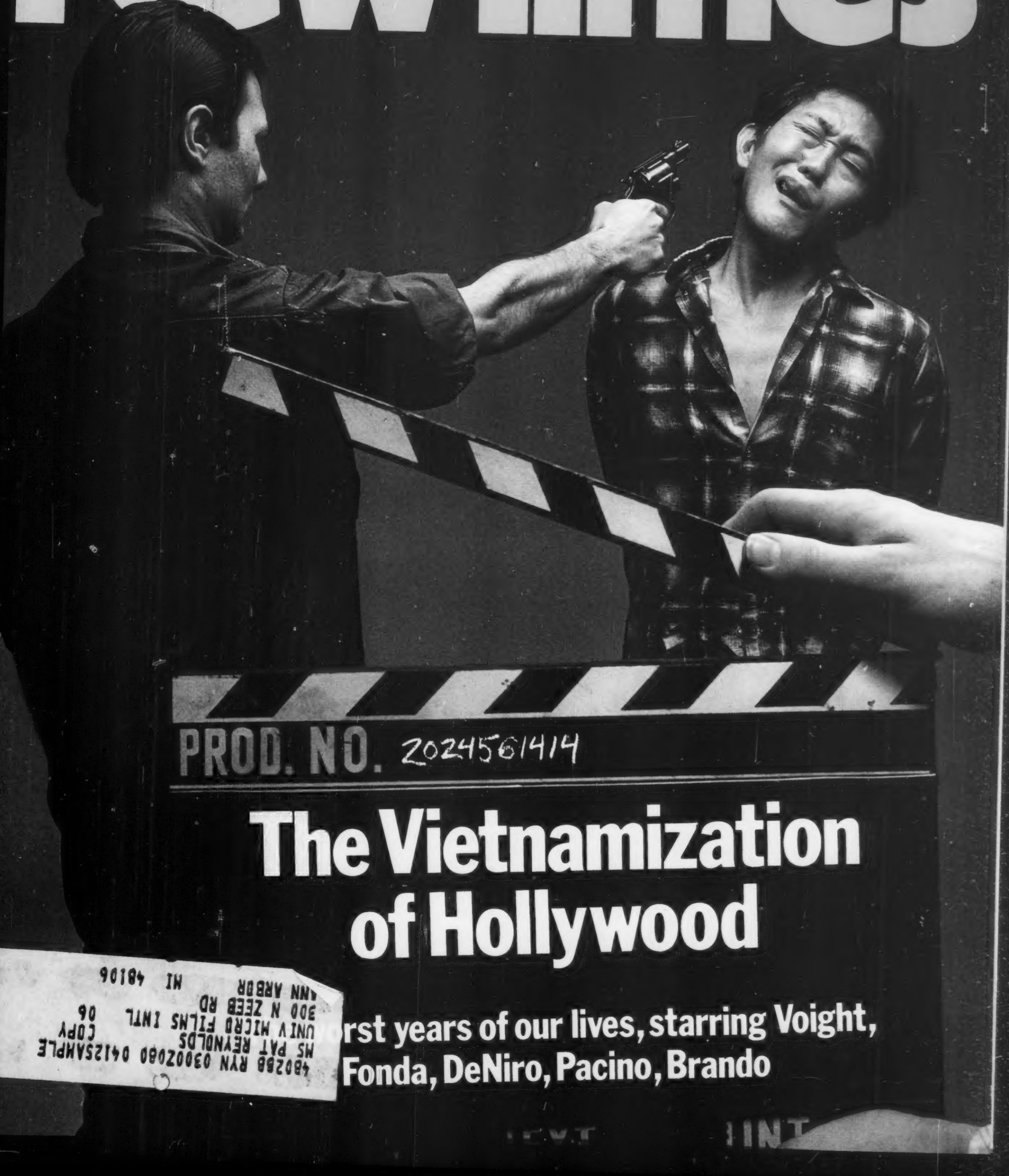

The Vietnamization of Hollywood

orst years of our lives, starring Voight, Fonda, DeNiro, Pacino, Brando

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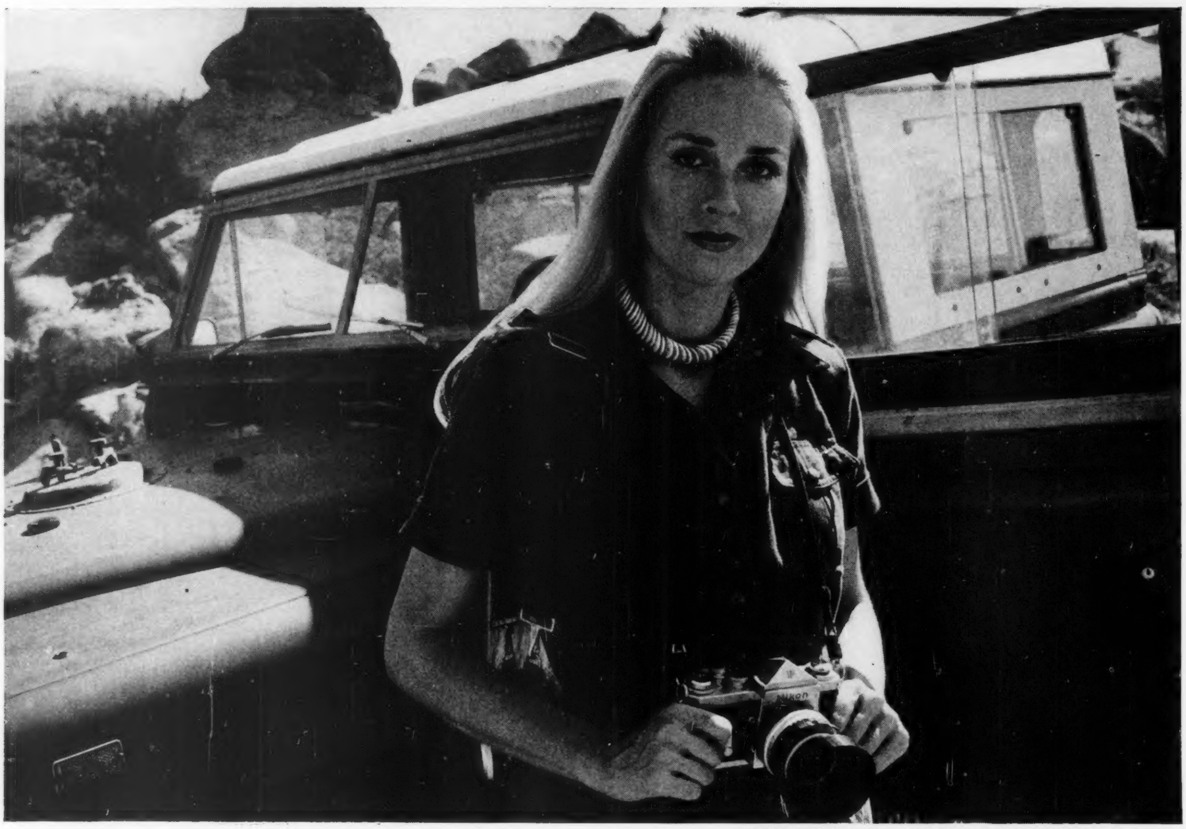

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SUE HOULE

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PROFESSION: Photographer

HOBBIES: Archaeology, anthropology.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Mirrors, Messages, Manifestations" by Minor White

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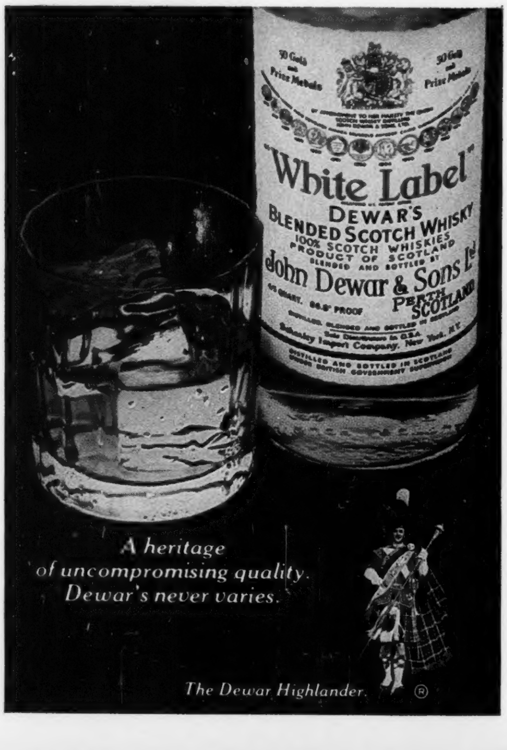
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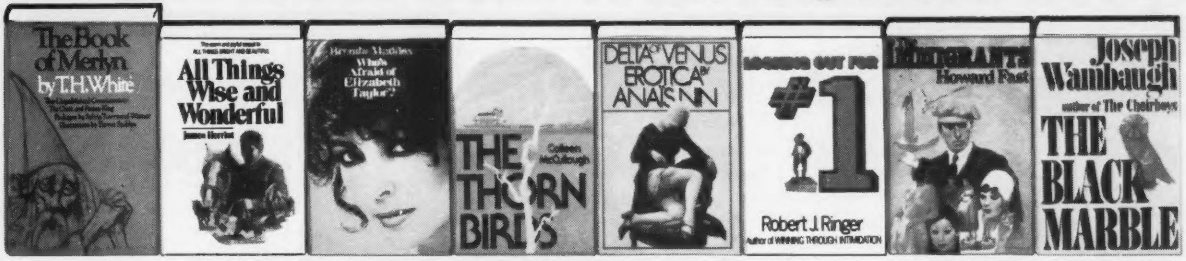
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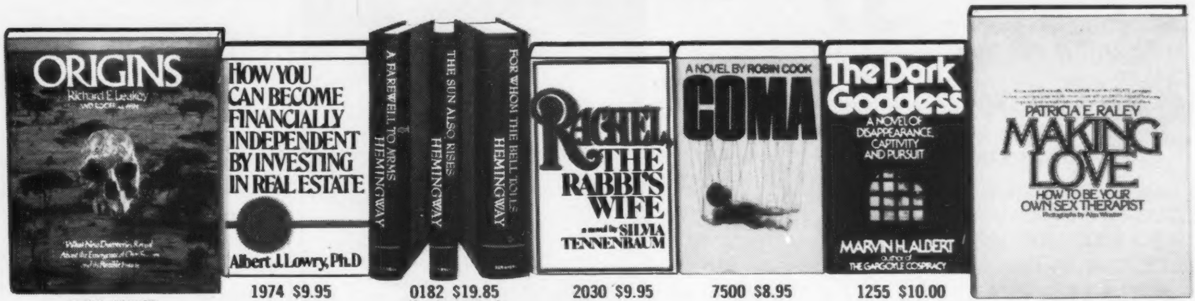
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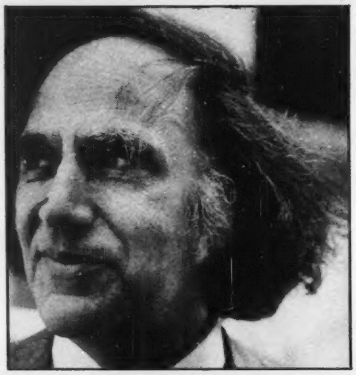

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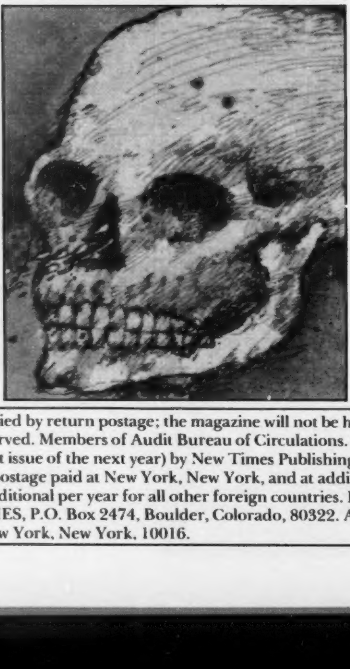

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LETTERS

Public Outrage

In "Fired: On the Hiring and Firing of U.S. Attorneys" (February 20), Robert Shrum clearly shows that President Carter has reneged on his numerous campaign promises of making government appointments "by merit." Equally dismaying are the actions of Attorney General Griffin Bell, as recounted by John Saar ("The Philadelphia Story"). True, his offer to resign was a noble gesture; yet this gesture is a result of public outrage against Marston's dismissal. Bell's offer comes only after his improprieties were exposed. He should have refused to fire Marston.

It is apparent that the Administration's vows of non-patronage appointments have been forgotten.

Bob Lampton
Memphis, Tennessee

Just think what public support of David Marston's efforts could do toward an assault upon the basic relationship between Congress and business—namely corruption. A half-dollar from 1 million people would enable him to pursue the story of Flood and Eilberg. No half-dollar in taxes would ever achieve so much.

R.C. Weller
Marathon, Florida

TV's White-meat Poultry

Richard Levine shouldn't be too surprised about network reaction to Dan Wakefield ("Television," February 20), considering the general pap that TV viewers swallow. If networks tell us that adolescence is *Happy Days*, variety entertainment is *Donny and Marie* or suspense is *Charlie's Angels*—and we accept those judgments—then why should any of us be indignant if a network decides that the knowledge and use of condoms are in bad taste?

Lenny Bruce was correct in saying that we insult the Creator when we limit the Creation: when we stop talking about the human body at the neck and pick up again at the knees; when we think learning about syphilis is an instruction to get it. Maybe that's the reason some adults in my college sex ed. class couldn't even say the word "breast" out loud unless they were referring to white-meat poultry.

Psychologists and sociologists might do well to abandon studies concerning whether or not television is teaching our children violence, and concern themselves with whether or not it is teaching them complacency, banality and the glorification of ignorance. Long live Public Broadcasting!

Bonnie-Jo Dunham
Wharton, New Jersey

Richard Levine's TV column "Cotton Mather's Last Stand" fails to note that, amid other anachronisms, the standards eventually superimposed on Dan Wakefield's *James at 15* script conform to the ever-present double standard. In seeking to show that sex ("a moment of spontaneous passion") has adverse consequences, the revised script instead demonstrates only one need worry about them.The girl is not pregnant, and James will not have a social disease. These are consequences for which men do not want to be responsible.

What frightens me is that I believed network execs lacked standards. Now I find they have them, and they are straight out of hell.

Alex J. Muro
Durham, North Carolina

Thanks for Richard Levine's article. It is clear from *James at 15* that NBC feels that by side-stepping the issues the problems of teenage sex will go away. Only with a clear portrait of the responsibilities and feelings involved will the rate of teenage pregnancy and V.D. drop. It is too bad that the one person who realized this, Dan Wakefield, has left the show.

T.E. Morgan
Sacramento, California

A Wooden Response

Mr. LaChine, in his February 20 Letter to the Editor about Bill Tucker's wood-burning stoves article (January 23), has missed the most important point: wood is our most valuable "renewable" alternate energy source. Proper management of our existing woodlands can provide a virtually endless supply of wood, our only viable alternative to fossil fuels.

I can't speak for Mr. LaChine's North Carolina, but in this part of the world we have far too much respect for our forests' resources to indiscriminately strip them bare.

Richard J. Schrage
Newburgh, Maine

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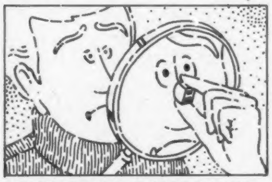

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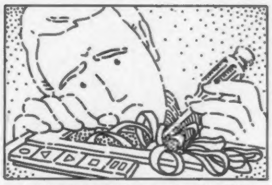

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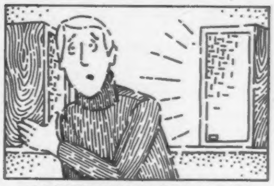

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Travel/by Peter S. Greenberg

RICHARD NIXON TAKES US FOR A RIDE

They have learned nothing, and forgotten nothing.—Talleyrand

The 24,000 citizens of San Clemente threw themselves a 50th-birthday party on February 26, and the town hermit gave 'em an hors d'oeuvre: a Sunday of Casa Pacifica bus tours, with the city keeping the profits. It was the first time the general public was allowed behind the Nixon-gates, and 8,000 people descended on the town from all over this great land of ours. They came by car, by motor home, by rented bus; one group chartered an Amtrak train from San Diego.

Still, it was hardly Woodstock West. The festivities got off to a shaky start on Birthday Eve, when a special $3.00 barbecue dinner (sorry, no cottage cheese and ketchup) ran out of food 90 minutes into the meal. But those lucky enough to secure food were twice blessed: an incongruous operatic rendition of "On the Beach at San Clemente" serenaded them as they retired for the night.

Next morning, pre-tour fever was at its peak. One woman in New Orleans called San Clemente's Chamber of Commerce manager, Alex Goodman, to boast that she had scalped her $2.50 ticket to an executive-type for $1,500.

At the San Clemente Inn, the lobby was converted into a Nixon souvenir stand. Up from storage came dusty 1968 yearbooks, inaugural books and an assortment of "official" Western White House key chains, necklaces, cuff links, tie tacks and pens. Some visitors could hardly contain themselves, scooping up everything placed on the tables.

Behind them, appropriately housed in a converted coffee shop, was the Nixon "museum." Built by the hotel's owner, Paul Presley, following the former President's triumphant return to San Clemente, it features exhibits ranging from a book of presidential matches to an 800-pound bust of Nixon which is, in all candor, hideous. To date, 55,000 guests have signed the register, including recent visitors Don Drysdale and Renee Richards. (They came separately.)

NIK WHEELER

Resilient minority: He's our boy

The tours began at 9 a.m., when two dozen buses were waiting at San Clemente High School to shuttle the tourists to their Mecca. The anxious crowd provided an instant fantasy scene of what things might be like if someone were to orchestrate a mass escape from Orange County. The men could have been headed for Mexico's Guadalupe Basilica for a prayer vigil to exorcise their white shoes and double knits; for the women it could have been a pilgrimage to Lourdes to cure a sudden outbreak of blue hair.

Teenagers hawked 15-cent "commemorative" color editions of the *San Clemente Sun-Post*, which offered a front-page photo portrait of Nixon, as well as a number of disturbing indications that some folks in San Clemente think he's still President. (The editors reply to a query about whether Nixon has ever participated in San Clemente civic affairs: "Not really. Being President is a busy job.")

The actual bus ride turned out to be a modified, limited hang-out, lasting only 14 minutes. There were no Nixon staffers or assistant press secretaries in sight; even Rabbi Korff, who lives for events like this one, broke tradition and stayed home. But no apologists were needed—it was a Nixon crowd.

The loaded buses headed two miles south on the San Diego Freeway, passed the San Clemente Inn and entered the Nixon grounds. After stopping briefly at the $42,053 gatehouse to pick up a Secret Service agent, the bus headed down the $43,038 driveway, along the $57,582 block walls, and around the $1,853 flagpole. Here, there was a momentary pause to play a prerecorded tape delivering a brief history of the property, as well as a plug for Nixon's book: "In this building, Mr. Nixon is at work now, finishing the final draft of his memoirs, which will be published in May."

(On one bus, the tape broke at the precise moment it was about to list the famous people who had visited the Nixon compound. San Clemente police officer Marilyn Maddox tried to take over as tour guide, but she couldn't remember the names of the guest dignitaries, and so attempted the next best thing. "Some of the people who have been here," she mumbled to a confused busload, "have included various intruders. One was a man who claimed to be the President's illegitimate son; another was a woman who argued that she was the first female astronaut and insisted that Pat Nixon owed her money." It was easily the highlight of the day.)

Then it was off past the four-bedroom house, past the $11,565 redwood fence and the $60,000 stucco wall, around a circular driveway and out—after less than 2 minutes and 15 seconds in fabulous Nixonworld.

Despite the brevity of the excursion, many tourists came away quite satisfied. "It's a thrill," said Pauline Psau of Riverside, displaying her black-and-white "I'm for Nixon" button, "to know he was working in his office when I was there."

Gladys Gardner, a retiree from Whittier, was also delighted, but for a different reason. "At my age," she smiled, clutching a souvenir, "just getting out of the house is a thrill for me."

The thrills came easy. "At least I saw where he landed after he resigned," said Julie Comaskey, a registered nurse from Whittier. "He's still my man, all the way." Was she happy with the tour? "Well, I never saw the house," she shrugged, "but I got some nice pictures of the flowers."

Of course there were a few malcontents. Michael Levine of Los Angeles said, "Like everything else, Nixon promised more than he delivered." And Terri Duckworth, a 26-year-old manicurist from Laguna Niguel, had the last word. "I took one picture and missed the whole tour," she said. "But I figure he suckered us in for six years, so what's another two dollars and fifty cents?" ●

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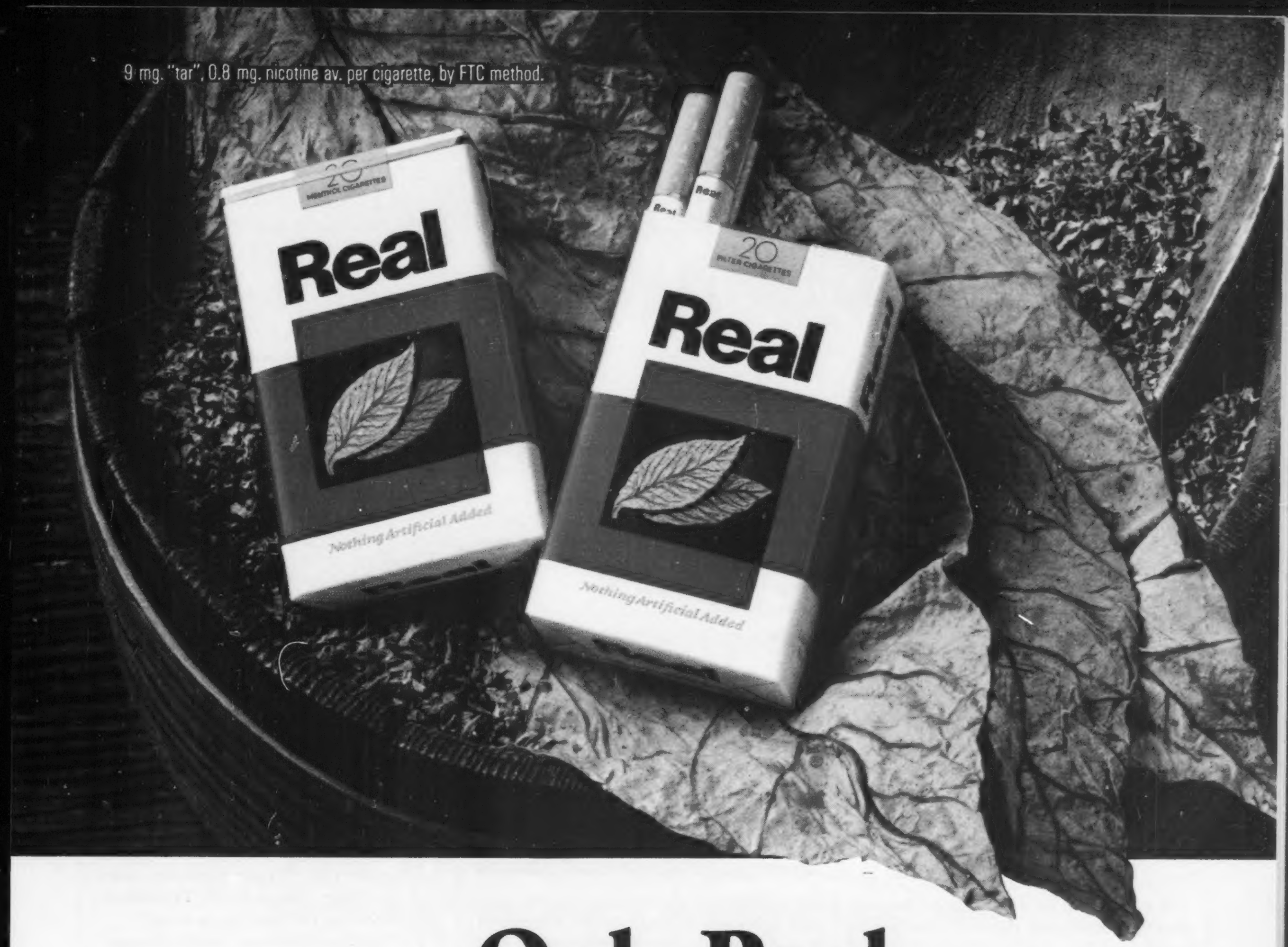
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Party Lines/by Robert Shrum

HAMILTON JORDAN: BOB HALDEMAN HE AIN'T

Two White House aides were more in the news at the end of February than the Presidents who picked them. The half-confessions of Nixon's Haldeman, the latest Watergate gangster to plead guilty to falling in with a bad bunch, were selling a lot of books and the literally titillating story of Carter's Jordan spitting a drink down the bodice of a reluctant lady at Sarsfields, a Washington singles bar, was selling a lot of newspapers. Though Sarsfields and Watergate are as different as Jordan and Haldeman, the media fascination with them reflects the heightened importance of presidential chiefs of staff.

The position itself is newer than the New Deal. Franklin Roosevelt, with 11 White House assistants, never permitted any one to be in charge of the rest. But by 1954, with the President's staff swollen to 266, the general in the Oval Office gave Sherman Adams, the former governor of New Hampshire, control over access of both advisers and ideas to the President. Adams acquired a reputation for being as granite as his home state. Eisenhower subsequently advised Nixon that as President he would need an s.o.b. of his own. (Haldeman writes that Nixon picked him for chief of staff because he appeared to be "a pluperfect s.o.b.")

Despite their authority, neither Adams nor Haldeman was ever titled "Chief of Staff"; rather, both were called "Assistant to the President." Officially, in fact, there has *never* been a "White House Chief of Staff"; Presidents have resisted a title that suggests someone else is in charge; and with the efficient, button-down Haldeman still vividly in view, the Carter Administration has recoiled with special horror from the idea. All the same, in Jimmy Carter's White House, "Assistant to the President" Hamilton Jordan clearly is first among equals. He also is the most gossiped about, least understood of Carter's men. His role, while central, is distinct from all before him who held the non-job of chief of staff.

The difference starts with Jordan's relationship with Carter. Haldeman depicts his dealings with Nixon as relentlessly impersonal—after 17 years together Nixon neither knew, nor asked, how many children Haldeman had. By the same token, Haldeman seemingly never questioned Nixon about much of anything—even the nuttiest presidential notions, like 24-hour surveillance of an antiwar senator, had to be taken seriously. But Jordan is secure enough to be irreverent about his boss. During the campaign, he smilingly referred to Carter's born-again religion as "the weirdo factor." He's also secure enough to tell Carter when he thinks the President's wrong. "Hamilton and Jody [Powell, Carter's press secretary] will go to the mat with Jimmy," says White House pollster Pat Caddell. A high-level staff member, a non-Georgian with experience in national politics, agrees: "I've never seen memos to a principal from a subordinate with the frankness of Hamilton's. During the Lance affair, he sent Carter some tough, disagreeable ones."

> **During the campaign, Jordan smilingly referred to Carter's born-again religion as "the weirdo factor"**

It's Jordan's judgment, not his administrative skill, that's put him at the top of the White House staff. Although it doesn't fit his public image, above all he is a memo writer; in blue jeans and open shirt, pen in one hand and a Tab in the other, Jordan frequently withdraws to his office, orders up research on a pending issue, and emerges a week or so later with an extended analysis.

Carter reads, and heeds, the memos. A ranking Administration official rates Jordan as "the President's most influential adviser on substantive issues." He recalls that as a candidate Carter pledged a separate Department of Education, but once in office his new HEW Secretary, Joe Califano, mightily opposed the deletion of the E from his sprawling bureaucratic fiefdom. Jordan then went off and composed one of his long memos—and Carter overruled Califano. "Hamilton saved the idea," Pat Caddell says.

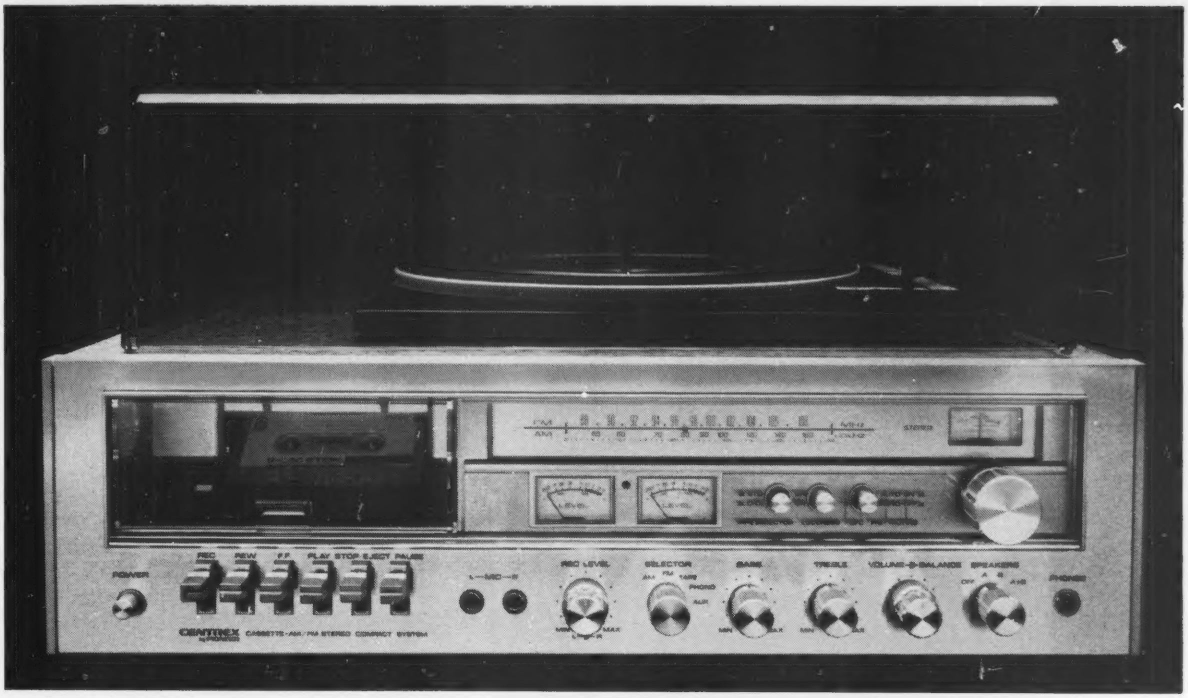
A White House liberal with considerable access reports that "Jordan's done the same thing he did on education on 20 or so key issues. He brought most of them to a dramatically better conclusion than otherwise would have been possible." Carter was leaning in favor of the B-1 bomber when a Jordan memo weighed in against it. The President was inclined to reappoint Arthur Burns as chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, despite his high-interest-rate, anti-pump-priming policies. "Carter thought Burns was a great guy," remembers a presidential assistant. But Jordan turned out another memo and high praise was all Burns got from the President.

Last September, Jordan first heard of a joint Soviet-American declaration on the Middle East when he read about it in the paper. The declaration's section on "Palestinian rights" ignited a firestorm in the Jewish community. Afterward, says one member of Carter's inner circle, the President told Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski that "from then on they had to clear things with Hamilton. They have no political sense at all."

For Jordan, however, political sense and playing politics are two different things. He has little time or patience for back-scratching, massaging and flattery. "He's like a writer," a staff colleague complains; "you just can't find him a lot of the time." And it isn't just other White House aides who can't find him. It's senators, congressmen and governors. "They have the sense that he doesn't care," a White House assistant admits. There are dozens, even hundreds of tales of Jordan not returning important phone calls.

A Jordan friend in the White House concludes: "Hamilton's shortcoming is exactly the opposite of what anyone would expect. He's concentrating on government. Relations with political types or constituency groups get neglected." Another friend adds that he's bored with politicians—that he doesn't like dealing with them. And he can be stunningly insensitive, even to the most powerful of them. He tried seating House Speaker Tip O'Neill in the back row at Carter's inaugural gala. Ever since, O'Neill has referred to him as "Hannibal Jerkin." An O'Neill associate says: "Tip sure as hell isn't feeling sorry for him now over what did, or did not, happen at Sarsfields bar.

The Carter people insist that he didn't throw that drink—that Wash-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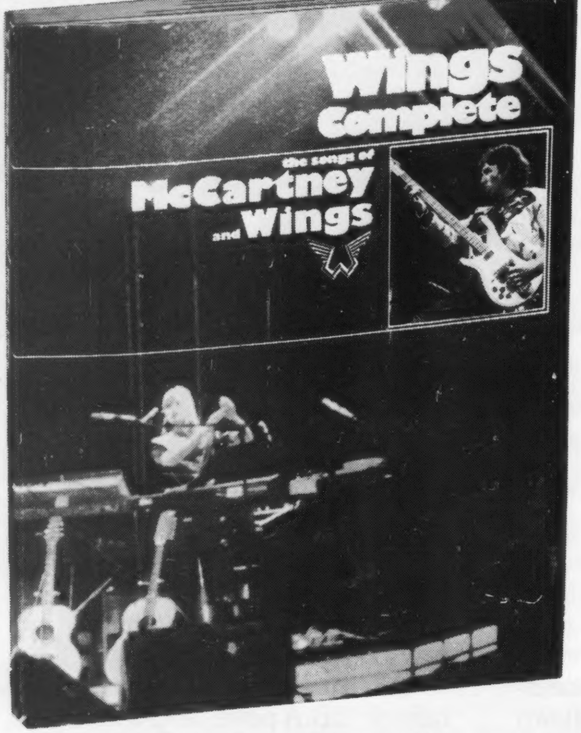

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RANDOM HOUSE

ington, the company town, is out to get Hamilton Jordan. Media advisor Jerry Rafshoon heatedly says that Jordan's problem is not that he parties, but where and when—at Sarsfields at night instead of the Sans Souci at noon—and with whom—his friends, not establishment satraps. Rafshoon is incensed that a reporter asked whether Jordan, with access to classified information, should be going to bars: "It's a class thing. No one would be asking that if it was Henry Kissinger drinking at a Georgetown party."

The White House launched an instant full-scale investigation to clear Jordan of the "Sarsfield smear," as another Carter adviser characterized it. The investigation was a little closer than arm's length. One witness who gave an affidavit was John Golden, a Georgian on the staff of the Democratic National Committee who introduces himself around Washington as "Hamilton's best friend." And Sarsfields' owner, Rich Evans, who also gave an affidavit, is a one-time advance man in Edmund Muskie's presidential campaign, who recently advanced Carter's trip to Paris.

Press Secretary Jody Powell packaged the affidavits and Jordan's self-defense into a 33-page statement and released it to the press. "It was like using a hydrogen bomb to swat a fly," says one Democratic professional. "It elevated the episode to the level of a major story."

The intensity of the White House overreaction partly reflected Powell's sympathy for Jordan, whose marriage broke up in January following earlier gossip about him (most prominently, that he had peeked down the décolletage of the Egyptian Ambassador's wife and laughed that he'd always wanted "to see the pyramids"). But defending Jordan wasn't just an act of White House sympathy, but of necessity. "He could get fed up and leave," a Carter adviser says, "but the President would fight to keep him. He's irreplaceable. Carter relies on him more than anyone else."

Jerry Rafshoon sarcastically suggests that since everyone's so dissatisfied with Jordan, "I'm going to write an article called 'Bring Back Bob Haldeman.' He dressed correctly. And he didn't have friends to run around with."

In his book, Haldeman says that he was "naturally reclusive." He and the rest of Nixon's men didn't have time to have fun. They were too busy knifing each other and mugging the Constitution. There will never, of course, be a perfect chief of staff in the White House, but on a comparative basis, the country seems a lot better off with Ham Jordan having a few beers. ●

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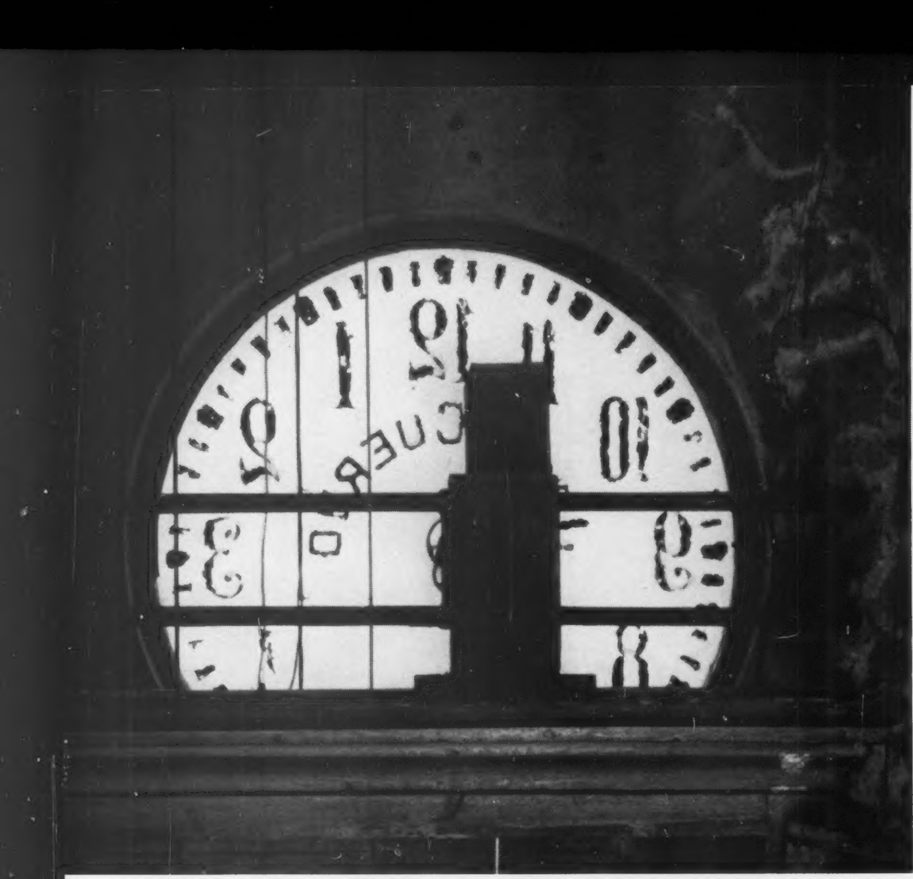

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ADDENDUM & ERRATUM

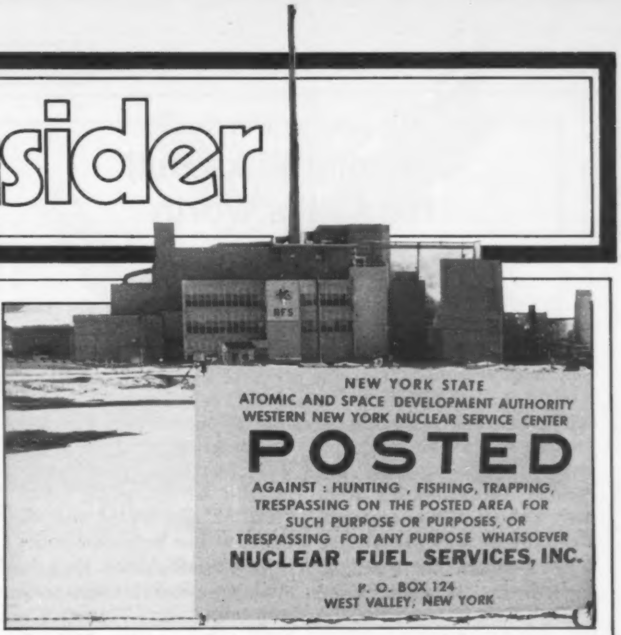
Begelman's Invisible Suit. In the Insider last issue, we reported that David Begelman had sued *New West* and *New York* magazines for Jeanie Kasindorf's article on Columbia's deposed studio chief. We are happy to report that Begelman *threatened* to sue, but did not. And even in his threat, he cited only Kasindorf, not Joe Armstrong, publisher and editor-in-chief of both magazines, nor Maureen Orth, senior editor of *New West*, as we had reported. Finally, the Insider item placed Columbia Board President Alan Hirschfield in Begelman's corner, when in fact Hirschfield had been a prime mover in Begelman's ouster. Our apologies to (in alphabetical order): Armstrong, Hirschfield, Kasindorf and Orth.

The Cancer Boondoggle. Several months ago, in her piece "Cancer, Inc." (*NT*, November 25, 1977), Ruth Rosenbaum reported that the American cancer establishment—an unholy alliance of government, industry and the powerful American Cancer Society—spends millions of research dollars foolishly and arrogantly, with almost nothing to show for it. As one example she cited the Eppley Institute of Omaha, Nebraska, recipient of $20 million in research contracts from the National Cancer Institute (NCI) over the last eight years. On February 20 the GAO released an audit of Eppley. The report strongly criticized the institute for the way it handled the $16.4 million it had received in federal funds. After the audit became public (on page one of the *New York Times*), an embattled Dr. Shubik defended Eppley's record, telling one reporter the GAO study "doesn't amount to a hill of beans." But hill or not, there were beans galore. The GAO reported, for example, that 14 Eppley projects had never been approved by the NCI.

Free The Honolulu One! Supporters of animal liberation will no doubt be sorry to learn the fate of Kenny Le Vasseur. Last May, Le Vasseur and his friend Steve Sipman released two Atlantic bottlenose dolphins from research tanks in Honolulu, saying the animals had a right to be free (*New Times* cover story, October 14, 1977). For his trouble, Le Vasseur now stands convicted of first-degree theft. (Sipman will be tried separately.) Le Vasseur is appealing the case, but if he loses, he'll do six months in the slammer—unless, of course, a compassionate dolphin sets him free. ●

The Insider

Nuclear Waste Watch: West Valley, N.Y. . . . 2,600,000 Gals.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BERT MILLER/BLACK STAR

Slow leak: No camping!

What do you do with 2,600,000 gallons of nuclear waste when the storage tanks in which it is kept start to go? If you're New York, you pay $600 million to keep it where it is.

According to a report of the House Government Operations Committee Subcommittee on Environment, Energy and Natural Resources, the high- and low-level waste being stored in the West Valley nuclear fuel reprocesing plant, south of Buffalo, "cannot be left in its present condition. . . . As the carbon steel tanks will corrode, the ground over the low-level burial trenches is eroding, and the plant has not been fully decontaminated." Indeed, the report warns that water erosion of the burial trenches—which would require immediate action—"can occur within one year under adverse weather conditions."

The cost estimates for making West Valley safe range from $60 million to over $600 million. The bulk of this cost is for the 612,000 gallons of high-level nuclear waste being stored in the corroding carbon steel tanks. Subcommittee Chairman Leo J. Ryan (D.–Cal.) was "staggered" by the figures, pointing out that maximum estimates meant a potential cost of over $1,000 per gallon. West Valley, Ryan warns, will "set a precedent" for all other nuclear plants around the country.

The only commercial nuclear fuel reprocessing facility in the United States, West Valley was in operation from 1966 to 1972, when it was closed "for modifications": Getty Oil Corp., which owned the plant through Nuclear Fuel Services, Inc., decided that the cost of meeting new safety guidelines was too much and closed the plant down. They informed New York State's Energy Research and Development Administration (NYSERDA)—co-licensee of the plant—that they were exercising their right to surrender responsibility for all wastes at West Valley to the State agency. NYSERDA would like its federal counterpart (ERDA) to share the responsibility, but ERDA is under no legal obligation to do so.

UPI

To insure against future buck-passing, the Committee on Government Operations adopted the subcommittee's recommendation that contracts for nuclear plants include guarentees that licensees will cover the expenses for waste management and disposal "over [the plants'] projected lifetimes, including eventual decommissioning."

At West Valley, Getty Oil will sever its ties when the lease runs out in 1980, leaving New York State a $4.4 million maintainance fund—scarcely enough to foot the bill for facilities whose contents, according to the findings of Ryan's committee, "will be fatally radioactive not for decades or centuries—but for hundreds of thousands of years." *—Josh Martin*

HACKING THROUGH THE WASHINGTON BRUSH

NEWSWEEK/BERNARD GOTFRYD

Take my National Security Adviser, please: Zbigniew Brzezinski, at a White House briefing on the Panama treaty for Senate foreign policy staff experts, hoisted the following lead balloon, supposedly a joking reference to the post-Vietnam psychology that feeds public resistance to giving up "our canal": "What we need is a good war to win, and then we can pass the Panama treaty." •

WIDE WORLD

An Unmarried Woman: Linda Ronstadt, whom someone had the nerve to ask this month's big California question—when would she become related to Jerry Brown?—answered, "I'm not going to marry Jerry. I don't believe in monogamy and he does." •

UPI

Quitting his chairmanship of the Senate Intelligence Committee is Senator Daniel K. Inouye, who got up at the January session of the Senate Democratic Steering Committee to announce his resignation. He proceeded to make an eloquent little speech saying he'd been chairman two years and thought that was as long as one should stay, lest congressional watchdogs get too cozy with the agency. He hoped his stepping down after two years would set a precedent for future chairmen. Thereupon, Senator Russell Long, the Louisiana mossback, stood up and drawled that he certainly hoped it would *not* become a precedent, thank you. •

Big John at Harvard

Connally Milks Bull for All It's Worth

Cattleman Connally: Bum steer?

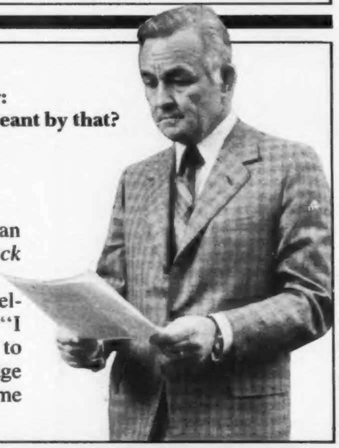
"Yeah, I got me a prize bull, he's up around 2,400 pounds now, and I hope he'll be up to around 2,500 by this April," John Connally told a rapt circle of political types at a cocktail party in Cambridge last week. He had just finished his lecture on "Government: Its Uses and Abuses" at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government, and now he was playing the genial good old boy from Texas, ignoring questions about politics just as had ignored the two students passing out free milk at the door of the lecture hall. "No thanks," Big John had said when they offered him a cup, "I like to pay for mine."

And then Nixon's former economic whiz swept into a dizzy discourse on the economic impact of foreign affairs that left some observers wondering who *really* ran the Treasury back in 1973. For openers, Connally couldn't remember the Nixon Administration's economic boycott of Allende's Chile. Next he announced that he believed in a hands-off policy toward South Africa. But, the students asked incredulously, what about the Committee to Save Italy (the pressure group Connally formed a few years ago to help keep a Eurocommunist government from coming to power there). How could he square the two positions? "It is a little inconsistent," Big John admitted, grinned and stopped talking.

Connally *did* say that if he were a senator, he would vote for the Panama Canal treaties, provided they were amended to guarantee American defense of the canal. At the same time, he stayed away from the question that was foremost in everyone's mind—what are his plans for 1980?

"Oh, I wouldn't want to say," Big John said shyly. But he must have some idea about who he would like to see win the Republican nomination?

Now the goodwill ambassador from the Sunbelt is off again to the subject of cattle. "Yeah, I'm going to take my bull down to Brazil in April and show him off," Big John says. Who knows? Maybe they'll buy his bull down there. *—Joseph Dalton*



Turner:
I wonder what he meant by that?

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

CIA: A Four-Letter Word?

When CIA director Stansfield Turner recently mandated a substantial cut in agency personnel, he fired a number of intelligence station chiefs overseas. He did it by cable, and sent a classic LeCarre-esque curt, cold message. One station chief telegraphed through official channels an equally curt response: *Fuck You.*

The clerk who sent that telegram added his own P.S.: "I know I'm not supposed to transmit this kind of language stop but he's making me stop." Sign off. •

Boardroom blues

Executive Not-So-Sweet on Stock Prospects

Corporate America has the blues, and so do its investors. Stock market averages have plummeted, with the New York Stock Exchange's Dow Jones edging ever closer to the 700 mark. A recent worldwide survey by the McGraw–Hill Economics Department indicates that the worst is yet to come.

The survey asked corporate executives in 13 industrial countries 11 questions about their attitudes regarding such matters as company sales, inflation, interest rates, labor relations and government relations, and used their responses to determine corporate confidence on a 100-point scale. The results show that U.S. corporate executives are among the most pessimistic; they scored 43.2. Only the Belgians scored lower. Surprisingly enough, British executives were the most optimistic, edging out the second-place West Germans by a full six points, with a confidence score of 60.1. *—Josh Martin*

Reactor referendum

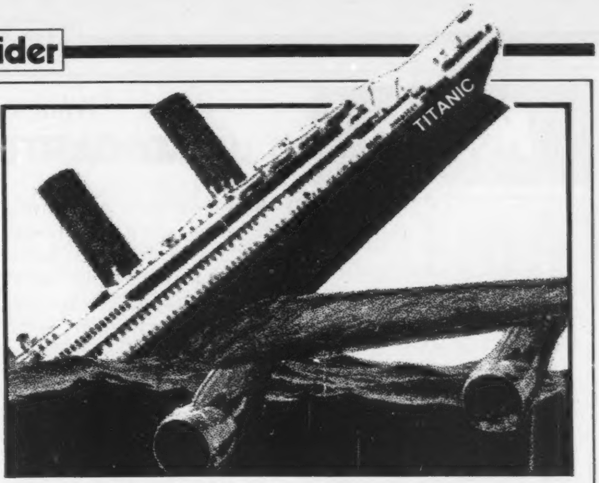
Nuclear Test Outside L.A.

California's embattled nuclear industry will face perhaps its greatest test ever when Kern County voters go to the polls March 7 to decide whether they want the proposed Wasco nuclear power plant, the largest such project ever conceived in North America. If the voters in the traditionally conservative, predominantly rural district turn the plant down, it could nail the coffin door on California's nuclear future.

The battle over Kern County comes at a time when California is on the verge of becoming the nation's first avowedly anti-nuclear state. Brown's appointees on the State Energy Commission have already effectively nixed future atomic sitings, and a public mandate—from a right wing area no less—would completely demoralize atomic activists. On the other hand, a nuclear victory in Kern would breathe life into the campaigns of pro-atomic Republicans running against Brown this fall. It would also mark a severe setback for the governor's energy policy and be a tacit endorsement of the policies espoused by the former nuclear submarine officer in the White House. *–Joel Kotkin*

Engines? Do you really need engines?

FAA Throws Life Rafts Overboard



UPI

Airport '78: Don't go near the water

There's a whole new wrinkle in no-frills airline service: the Federal Aviation Administration is letting several airlines remove life rafts from some of their over-water flights. Removing the rafts makes planes lighter, saving fuel and money for the carriers involved. Airline spokesmen insist that nobody is compromising on safety (the rafts are relics from propeller days, they say), but others are not so sure. The Association of Flight Attendants, which represents 18,000 stewards and stewardesses, is appealing the decision.

"I think it's totally irresponsible for them to take off without this equipment," says Patricia Kennedy, associate director of Ralph Nader's Aviation Consumer Action Project. "I'm amazed that they would do this, even if the FAA is irresponsible enough to grant them permission."

International agreements still require life rafts on airliners traveling over water for more than 400 miles. The FAA ruling applies only to domestic routes involving over-water travel for shorter distances—over the Gulf of Mexico between Florida and the West, the Atlantic coastal corridor between the Northeast and Miami, and the Seattle-Anchorage run. Before the waiver, an airliner traveling over water for more than 50 miles had to carry life rafts.

So far, National and Braniff have removed the rafts. (National estimates the move will save $149,000 in annual fuel costs.) Eastern is thinking about it. Western is also covered by the FAA waiver, but planes on its Florida route fly long-haul over-water runs as well, one reason the rafts will stay put. Delta faces similar logistical problems if it wants to jettison the rafts, but the matter is under study there.

Jack Barker, an FAA spokesman, explains the waiver by arguing that the rafts were just excess baggage; the reliability of modern jet engines has virtually eliminated the possibility of water crashes. According to Barker, since jets came into commercial service in 1958, no domestic airliner has had to use the rafts. And he claims that if a jet develops engine trouble over water, it can sprint back to shore for a landing. (Even with two of its three engines out, a 727 can travel 50 miles in 10 minutes.)

Airline spokesmen also point out that all over-water flights still carry life vests; in the unlikely event of a water ditching, they say, this safety equipment, combined with seat cushions and other flotation devices, is adequate. But a Coast Guard report issued several years ago, during an air safety controversy in Hawaii, predicted that "with persons bleeding [after a crash], suffering broken bones or in shock, mortality rate will be much higher in the water than in rafts. The problem of keeping people together is obviously simplified by using rafts." In frigid waters, of course, such as those off the Alaska coast, there is an additional problem.

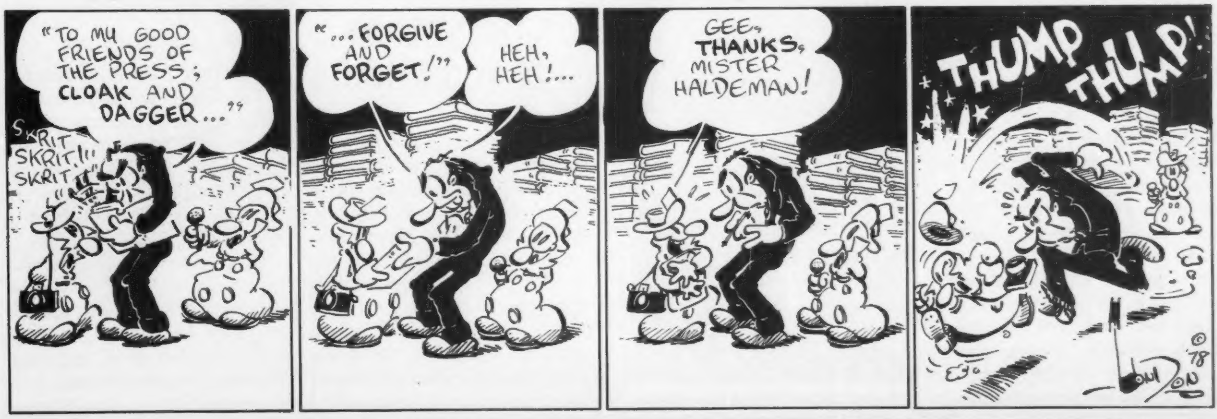
And despite the FAA's claims about the pristine records of the new jets, there *have* been some close calls. Consider, for instance, National's flight 120 last January. Flight 120 runs from Miami to Newark, with a stop in Fort Lauderdale. On January 27, as the 727 cruised at 33,000 feet above the Atlantic, the number one engine suddenly died. The number two engine died 45 seconds later. Then the last engine went. National 120 was 150 miles off the Florida coast when the power stopped; the plane headed for shore, but with its rate of descent it would have hit the water about 50 miles from land. There were no life rafts aboard.

Full power was restored within minutes, for reasons as mysterious as the engine failure in the first place. But what if the engines hadn't reignited? Says the FAA's Barker: "There's never been a case of a jet engine going out and staying out."

And before the *Titanic* there had never been a case of a luxury ocean liner splitting open on an iceberg, either.

—Scott Kaufer

CLOAK AND DAGGER GO TO THE SAN CLEMENTE BOOKMASTERS Bobby London


"TO MY GOOD FRIENDS OF THE PRESS; CLOAK AND DAGGER..."
SKRIT SKRIT!!! SKRIT
"...FORGIVE AND FORGET!"
HEH, HEH!...
GEE, THANKS, MISTER HALDEMAN!
THUMP THUMP!
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Media

THE TRIB

Haldeman Fallout

NIXON REVISING HIS 'MEMOIRS'

With David Frost's Help

What's Black and White and Red All Over?

JIMMY CARTER WORKING IN SUPERMARKET

It was the New York *Trib*'s first scoop, and it was a bombshell. David Frost was holed up in a San Clemente motel helping a "top-level team" revise the Nixon memoirs in the wake of the Haldeman revelations. The article, co-authored by Leonard Saffir, publisher of the city's new daily, quoted unnamed sources describing the TV star and author as a "copy editor." Said the *Trib*: "Frost's involvement with the Nixon book came as a complete surprise to many in the publishing field."

The surprise lasted about two hours, until a *New York Post* reporter came up with the deceptively simple explanation: the chief copy editor for Grosset & Dunlap (Nixon's publisher) is named—get this!—David Frost.

The famous David Frost's lack of involvement with the Nixon book came as a complete surprise to publisher Saffir. When informed of the explosive facts behind his expose, he replied, "Oh."

But any publicity was good publicity for the struggling tabloid, so the next day's headline kept it alive: TWO DAVID FROSTS. Even this was inaccurate—there are three listed in the Manhattan phone book alone. The *Trib* modestly stated that its earlier story had "developed into an intriguing mystery for followers of Watergate literature." Buried deeper was the information from Grosset & Dunlap editor-in-chief Robert Markel that "TV's David Frost has nothing to do with, and will never have anything to do with, *Memoirs*."

This came as a complete surprise to no one. ●

Health bars

Salad Days in the Slammer

When Claudine Longet served 30 days in the Pitkin County Jail last year for the shooting of her lover, pro skier Spider Sabich, she and her lawyers raised a hue and cry about the hideous jail conditions she had to endure.

No doubt other inmates had complained in the past, but this time everyone sat up and took notice. In particular, the jail's new administrator, a 27-year-old divinity student named Dave Randle, decided the time had come to put into practice his theory that there is a cause and effect between people who do not take care of their bodies and people who perform antisocial acts. As Randle says, "Ninety-five percent of the people in jail smoke, but 95 percent of the people in Aspen don't smoke. Also, prisoners tend to be junk food addicts."

Before anyone could say "Big Mac Attack" (or check Randle's figures), he had instituted sweeping prison reforms ranging from free Aikido lessons from John Denver's bodyguard to chaperoned nature walks. He had also stopped a hallowed prison practice: guards making cigarette runs for inmates. Each prisoner is now given the Holistic Health Evaluation Series to spot mental and social problems, and then prescribed treatment from an array of personal psychotherapeutic techniques. Vegetarian cuisine is offered to all, and group encounters are on the schedule in the near future.

So far, Randle's changes seem to be sitting well with the inmates. His pleasant line of self-help chatter would probably sound a bit irrational in the dungeons of New York and Chicago, but in the rarified mountain air of Aspen it all seems logical somehow. And while it is far too early to tell whether Randle's therapies and macrobiotic lunches will effect recidivism, it's been great for the bean sprout business. *—Ivan Goldman*

WIDE WORLD

Longet: Jailer, bring me yogurt

BLACK STAR

Buns and butter: Next stop, the Erotic Bakery

Tenants bare all

Coppertone Condominiums

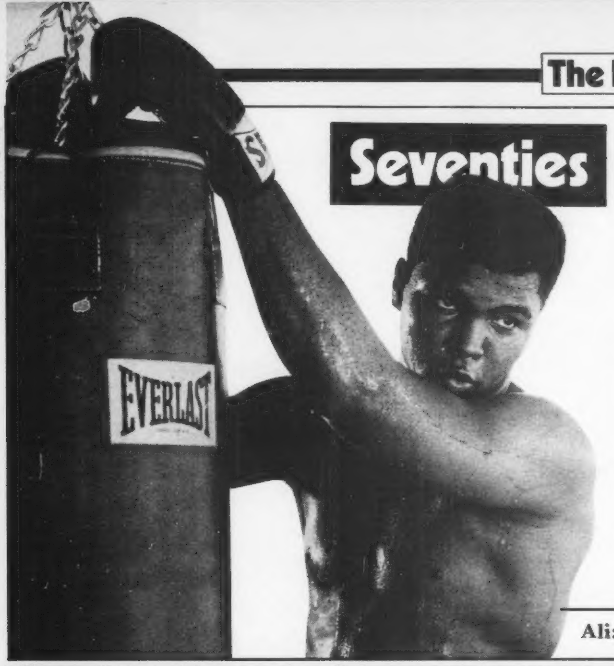
Like a terrible epidemic sunstroke, more madness is sweeping the American sunbelt from Austin to Los Angeles. Wily developers, exploiting the endemic dementia of the region, are designing their buildings to allow tenants to tear off their garments and, polyester-free, establish lifestyles as tenants in nudist apartment complexes.

In Austin, Texas developer/consultant Terry Parker already has a 78 unit "clothing optional" apartment complex, and is planning others throughout the state. Parker says there are a lot of Texans willing to pay an extra 10 to 15 percent for the privilege of running around shameless, like Aborigines under the southwestern sun. "There are utopian ideas about nudism," Parker says. "But this is just hard economics." Parker says he is getting offers of "virtually unlimited capital" for future "clothing optional" projects from large insurance companies and other traditionally button-down institutions who know a good thing when they see one. "For the investors, it's a dream," Parker crowed. "They're getting all this extra money for thin air and a little screening."

In Southern California three other "clothing optional" buildings are being established, some of them formerly run down apartments populated by poor Mexican and black families. Jim Williams, president of the nudist property management firm "LIBRE" (Living In the Buff Residential Enterprises), says "clothing optional" conversions could be the greatest thing since historic renovation in rescuing decaying neighborhoods.

—Joel Kotkin

BLACK STAR



Seventies

What a pair!

Major Albert Druschel Pays $3,500 for Ali Gloves

The Southwestern Pennsylvania chapter of the American Heart Association had a pleasant surprise the other night: Muhammad Ali lost his heavyweight boxing championship to Leon Spinks. Two nights later, the association was $3,500 richer, the result of their auctioning off the gloves Ali wore during his ill-fated bout with Spinks.

Arrangements for the donation of the gloves were made with Ali Enterprises back in January, when the fight was supposed to be nothing more than a light workout for Ali. At that time, optimists in the Heart Association were hoping the mitts would bring in a few hundred dollars. But Ali's loss—and the possibility that it was his last fight—made the gloves "historical."

—Chuck Stevick

Ali: Loses crown *and* gloves

Mixed metaphors

Is that an eclair in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?

The penis breads win hands down.

The breasts are difficult to remove from the molds, but still they sell well at $2.69 a loaf.

The vaginas, however, are causing problems. "Identification problems," says Karyn Dwyer, co-owner of the three-month-old Erotic Bakery. "They look like sneakers. We need a deeper indentation." Dwyer pauses. "Of course the problem will be solved," she adds firmly. "We will find a way for the vagina bread to come out explicitly."

Dwyer is a long-time collector of erotic art. A former actress, she also adores food. Last May when she and her partner, Patrika Brown, a lighting director, mentioned to friends, "wouldn't it be funny if . . . " everyone laughed. The two women joined in, but they also tiptoed, hush hush, to the Patent Office and secured a copyright and trademark for their erotic baked goods. Now they are planning to open a second New York City bakery. They are already franchising in San Francisco, and they soon expect erotic branches to sprout up across the country and in Europe. "The time is right," says Dwyer. "Put an erotic bakery on 42nd Street and our delicacies become gross. But here, they are fantasy, not porno. Chic, not dirty. Because of our light-headed, artistic presentation."

In addition to breads, the erotic banquet lists: Gingerbread men and women with genitalia made of icing; assorted balls (rum and nut); penis cheesecakes—chocolate dipped or plain; licorice whips and rings; and marzipan penises, vaginas, breasts and combinations thereof. In cake form, the vaginas are unmistakeable, with *fondant glaze* and a raspberry center filling. The custom-made cakes usually come with a heart-shaped base topped by decorative items (bright pink breasts with a penis lying in between, or dark red lips holding a penis, are the most popular designs) and a frosted message, such as "Breast Wishes on Your Birthday," or "Let's Bang In The New Year."

Initially, fudge was the sculpting medium, according to Dwyer. But it was too soft to shape well, and the bakers switched to marzipan, which is more firm and can be easily colored. Most of the sweets are available in four skin tones—bittersweet chocolate, milk chocolate, white or pink.

"Our original concept was to be like a dirty Fanny Farmer," says Dwyer, "which is why we have the little white lace curtains and the red bunting. The contrast is pleasing. It gives our sweets a quality of innocence and naivete."

—Debra Weiner

JANE GOLDMAN

Culinary cheek: Wookies!

No, no! Eat cigarettes, smoke cake!

Cigarettes may kill people, but they're vital to the economic life of thousands of tobacco farmers—and that's one reason the government's never launched an effective anti-smoking crusade. But what if there were an alternative, harmless use for tobacco—say, as a food?

Preposterous? Not at all, claim UCLA nutritionists Benjamin Ershoff and Samuel Wildman. They've discovered that tobacco contains the single most complete protein known in plant life and that a product as high in protein as eggs or milk can be extracted from the leaves. Colorless, odorless and tasteless, the extract can be stored indefinitely and added to any food to heighten its protein value.

The Department of Agriculture, which subsidizes tobacco growers, is enthusiastic about the discovery. It's already calculated that one acre of tobacco could yield 3,000 pounds of protein a year and that by the year 2000 it could be possible to feed 30 million with tobacco. Lucky Strikes may be toasted forever more, on rolls with ketchup. ●

REDWOODS REDUX

Redwood National Park was once a great notion, but it has become a $400 million misunderstanding

by Arthur Zich

"A triumph for the majesty of the redwoods," clarioned Senate Majority Whip Alan Cranston. "A great tribute to the Sierra Club," declared Representative Phillip Burton, the author of the bill in the House. "We now have a national park worthy of the name, that will preserve this treasure of trees for all humanity and for all generations to come." And who could argue with that? After years of wrangling, the Redwood National Park expansion bill had finally cleared the House and Senate and was on its way for virtually certain signature by the President. No fewer than 48,000 acres had been added to the park. The Tall Trees Grove—repository of the world's first, third and sixth tallest trees—had been spared the depredations of rapacious loggers. *Sequoia sempervirens*, the noblest and most enduring symbol of man's concern for the land, had been spared.

Right?

Well, not exactly. Whatever else the bill eventually achieves, it has amply demonstrated that truth is the first casualty of politics. The bill that rang such winning encomiums from its authors raises real questions of financial hardship for the people of Humboldt County, California, an area economically bound to the timber industry and already beset with a chronic 12–14 percent unemployment rate. It removes a sizeable chunk of the world's finest redwood timberland from the public weal even as the House Agriculture Committee warns that the nation will soon be facing a critical timber shortage. It commits taxpayers to an initial outlay of some $400 million and an eventual expenditure which, with land appreciation factored in, may well top $1.7 billion—that, in the face of California Governor

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Arthur Zich is a former editor at Time *and* Newsweek, *and is the author of* The Rising Sun *in Time-Life Books' World War II series.*

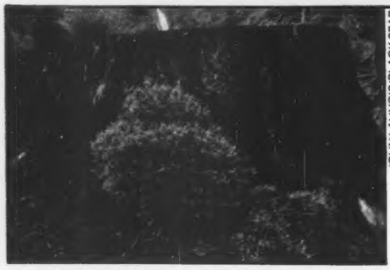
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM TRACY

ARTHUR ZICH

Redwood Chainsaw Massacre: "There are few human experiences comparable to standing in a grove of redwoods when the light trickles through as in a cathedral," said Senator Alan Cranston

ARTHUR ZICH

On the comeback trail: 20–30-year-old second growth redwoods



JOHN LAUNOIS/BLACK STAR

Scenic stubble: Redwood regenerating

Jerry Brown's lowered, less-is-more expectations and the Carter Administration's commitment to a balanced federal budget.

All that might yet be tolerable if the bill did what it was supposed to do. Unfortunately, the bill of itself does nothing to remove the threat to the Tall Trees. And begging the congressman's pardon, it does not add 48,000 acres of redwoods to Redwood National Park.

The unhappy fact is that the threat to the Tall Trees comes from gravel deposits in Redwood Creek, which flows past the grove, and these are already in place—washed down from heavily logged, geologically unstable upland slopes. Says park superintendant George Von Der Lippe, "If all the logging operations in the watershed were to stop tomorrow, the threat to the trees, such as it is, would still be there." As for the redwoods, less than 10,000 acres of old growth—the really big trees—are among the acreage the Burton bill will buy. The rest is either young second-growth timber or land that has been logged off entirely. The sad truth is that for the foreseeable future, Redwood National Park will remain the ecological B-1 it has always been—only bigger, more expensive and, in many places, uglier.

Since its establishment in 1968, the park has cost $172 million—not quite twice the $92 million Congress originally ponied up for it, but well over twice the price of all the other parks in the national park system combined. And it is not paid for yet: some $110 million is still hanging fire in the courts. The park has never drawn near the 950,000 visitor days its chief proponent, former Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall, predicted. Last year, visitor days totaled a scant 34,000—3.6 percent of the projection. That placed the park 32nd out of 37 national parks in terms of visitors; in terms of campers it ranked even lower. "Last year," says Von Der Lippe, "we had 2,259 overnights in Redwood Creek."

The park has never had a development plan. Its administrative headquarters is 50 miles away in Crescent City. Its only access is via U.S. 101, a major commercial highway that happens to run right through the middle of it. It is utterly without developed campgrounds, a visitors' center, or even a sign over the entranceway to inform a visitor he's in it (curiously, there is a sign up on a ridgetop road that is seen by almost no one but timber riggers who know only too well that the park is there). And it will take more than the expansion bill to remedy the situation. To cover everything from forest maintenance to salaries and Smokey Bear hats for his 10 peak-time rangers and 52 peak-time staffers, Von Der Lippe has a budget of less than $2 million.

It was reverence for the redwoods that provided the cutting edge for the bill's swift passage. But a good deal of that veneration was better rooted in rhetoric than it was in reality. Contrary to popular notion, *Sequoia sempervirens* is neither rare, fragile nor slow-growing. Some 400 million of the trees now stand along the 500-mile-long coastal corridor from southern Oregon to San Simeon. Botanists call it one of the ruggedest trees in the world. (It is no sooner cut than the stumps send out any number of sprouts, each of which is capable of soaring into a full size tree.) The lumber companies are reforesting redwoods at a rate of around 3 million trees a year. And for good, sound business reasons: *Sequoia sempervirens* is the fastest growing conifer in North America—and its market price, even in California, is out of sight.

The coastal redwoods are old. But even the oldest does not come within a thousand years of some of its bulky Sierra cousins, *Sequoia gigantea*—and neither is old compared to the 5,000-year-old bristlecone pine on Wheeler Peak, Nevada, said to be the oldest living thing. The trees are certainly tall—perhaps the *tallest* living things. But eucalyptus, Australian ash and Douglas fir have all grown taller. And the official tallest tree—called the Howard Libbey Redwood after a past president of Ar-

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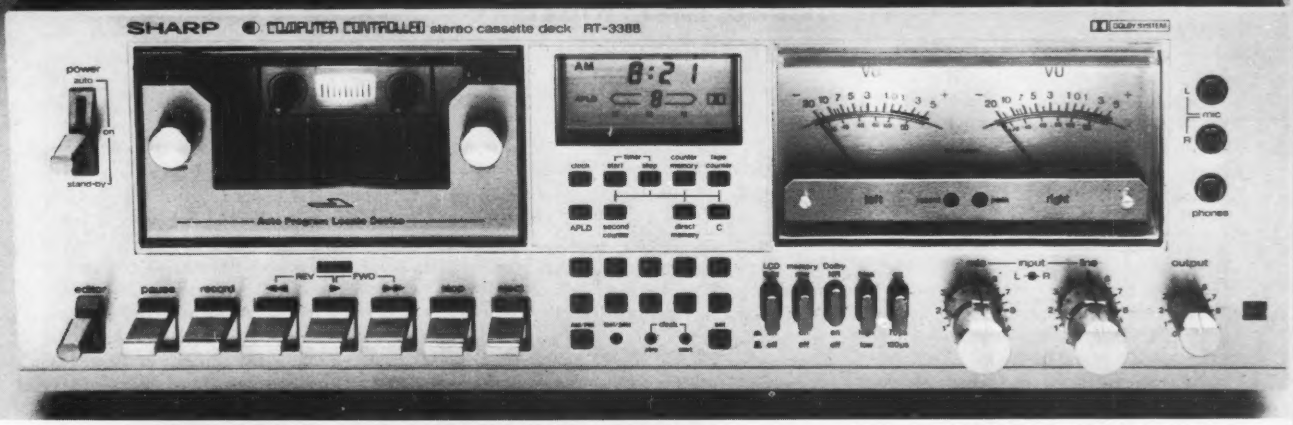
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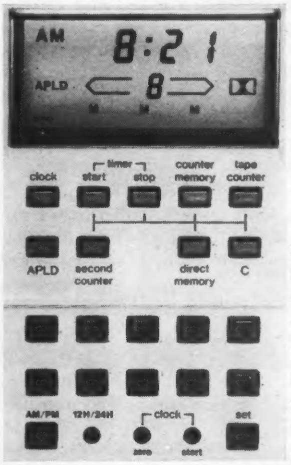
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cata National, the timber firm that once owned and spared the Tall Trees Grove—is almost certainly not the tallest of the bunch.

It may never have been. The tree was measured at 367.8 feet on discovery in 1964, some 2.4 inches taller than a sky-scraping neighbor a mile downstream. But about 30 feet of the tallest tree's top were dead then; a couple of feet have since broken off in storms, and silt deposits have taken another five feet or so off the bottom.

The rain pelted down with a fury. The logger and I trooped down the old stone road past thickets of alder, hemlock, huckleberry and impenetrable stands of second-growth fir and redwood. If this was parkland, I reflected, visitors had to cut their way into it. Suddenly, round a copse of alders, the curtain parted. Redwood Creek ran swift, swollen and gray. It was not flood, the logger said. But it could soon turn into flood.

Across the water, 70 yards away, the Tall Trees rose from the alluvial flood plain they'd stood upon (some for 600 years) and soared into straggling, trembling towers. I peered through rain-streaked glasses. It was not a beautiful grove, as redwoods go. The first impression was not of grandeur but of violence. The canopy was tangled with broken growth. A part of one tree dangled cracked, like a broken matchstick. Hulks of behemoth trees lay sloughed in the surging waters.

"Which one is it?" the soggy logger roared over the whip of wind. "Which one's the tallest?"

I strained, aching to name the one. "I don't know," I admitted at last. "I can't say any one is taller than any other."

It was a bad political compromise that brought the park into being. The Sierra Club and other environmentalist groups wanted 78,000 acres encompassing most of the Redwood Creek watershed, then owned by Arcata National Louisiana-Pacific and Simpson Timber Company, plus the Jedediah Smith, Prairie Creek and Del Norte State Parks. Congress' $92 million ceiling whittled the size down to 28,000 confiscated acres; California refused to donate its parklands. And the Tall Trees, whatever serenity they provided for visitors, created one monstrous headache for park planners.

The problem was that the bulk of desired old-growth redwood stood in a clump at the mouth of Redwood Creek, while the Tall Trees stood alone about eight miles upstream. To connect the two, park planners created "the Worm," a narrow strip of parkland running 14 miles upstream and about a quarter-mile out from each of the banks. In effect, the park had the creekbed with the Tall Trees intact; the timber companies held the watershed's uphill flanks.

To the public, it seemed a hard-struck balance between productive forestry and pristine preservation. To the Sierra Club, it was only round one. "Above all, what conservationists wanted was a whole, interconnected ecosystem," explains Tim McKay, 31, coordinator for the North Coast Environmental Center in the town of Arcata. "There was *never* a compromise on the park." The timber industry, for its part, went to court to obtain redress for confiscated lands—a sum that soon soared well above the congressional ceiling—and also resumed logging operations on the slopes above the Worm. Their position was defiant and public, and, as many loggers now concede, foolish. As one aggressive timber company executive put it: "If we own it, we cut it!"

"The Sierra Club had been through the day before. Everywhere we went, the congressmen seemed to have just stepped out"

The cutting, conservationists charged, brought down everything from landslides to streamside trees. But their principal concerns were two. First, it shattered the aesthetic experience of the park: patches of clear-cut hills above the Worm were denuded, scarred and all too visible from inside the park; the sometime whine of chain saws, crash of trees and rumble of trucks intruded on the serenity the park was supposed to provide. Second, and more ominous, the cutting process left barren hills to erode in winter rains, sending enormous quantities of silt and gravel cascading into Redwood Creek, where it piled up on the streambed above and alongside Tall Trees Grove.

The danger was threefold. The gravel build-up might be swept along on the periodic floods that inundate the Grove and gradually tear away the Tall Trees' bark and the life-sustaining cambium layer beneath. The floods might leave a dump of gravel around the trunks, which would in effect suffocate the trees. Or the creekbed gravel might cause the water table to rise beneath the trees, and drown their root systems.

The industry cried: Not so. But the state agreed, at least to the extent of tightening up on logging operations in the area. In 1974, the California Forest Practices Act—the toughest logging law in the nation—went into effect. And over the next two years the timber industry was forced into "voluntary agreements" with state and federal authorities that further restricted its autonomy.

Henceforth, wherever possible, timber men had to use cable-yarding instead of old tractor-yarding harvesting techniques. This meant that fallen trees would be slung on overhead cables to truck landings instead of being dragged by earth-gouging tractors. Clear-cut sites were strictly limited in acreage; adjacent stands could not be harvested for a minimum of three years. Within five years of a harvest, a logged-off piece of land had to be covered with three-year-old seedlings. "If those seedlings don't take the first year," says Fred Henschell, 40, the forester in charge of Louisiana-Pacific's big tree nursery near Little River, "you'd better get your butt out replanting the next year or you'll soon be breaking the law."

In addition, timber firms were required to submit pre-harvesting plans for state and federal approval. A California forestry team, including a botanist, hydrologist and geologist, would inspect proposed harvest sites and direct changes in the plan. Then a National Park Service team would do the same. And the amended plan could still be turned down by the state director of forestry. "There were times," says Jerry Palmer, 31, another L-P forester at the firm's Big Lagoon operation, "when we had more feds out there than employees." But was that any way to run a public company? "We agreed to it," says Arcata's courtly vice-president, Lowell Chapman, "to get the Park Service off our ass."

Whatever the motives, the measures are working. "It's true," says park chief Von Der Lippe. "There's been a great deal of improvement in timber logging in this area." But the Sierra Club and related environmentalists scented all-out victory—and went for it. Earnest young field workers like Tim McKay were packed off to Washington to learn the ins and outs of lobbying from seasoned eco-pros. A flood of scarifying pamphlets poured out of environmentalist offices, complete with grisly photos of logged-off land, out-of-context excerpts from scientific studies, and the solemn, treacly poetry of Friends of the Earth chief David Brower. The thrust of it all: the timber men were cut-and-run land rapers; the redwoods were in imminent danger; the situation was critical.

It made good copy; it gave arm-chair environmentalists an uplifting cause that required neither thought nor action. And logging was undeniably ugly until second-growth took hold. But this view ignored several pertinent considerations. Over the previous decade, the cut-and-run land rapers had invested $160 million in new plant facilities in the area. The Sierra Club scheme meant seizure of thousands of acres of immensely productive property—private property at that. And there were alternatives.

RUM REVELATIONS.

Surprising facts every rum drinker should know.

Ah, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers's thinks it's time to raise some eyebrows.

The first fact of rum.
Rum comes in three shades: white, gold, and dark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavor might fade in the drink. But Myers's is blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.

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Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

More revelations.
Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

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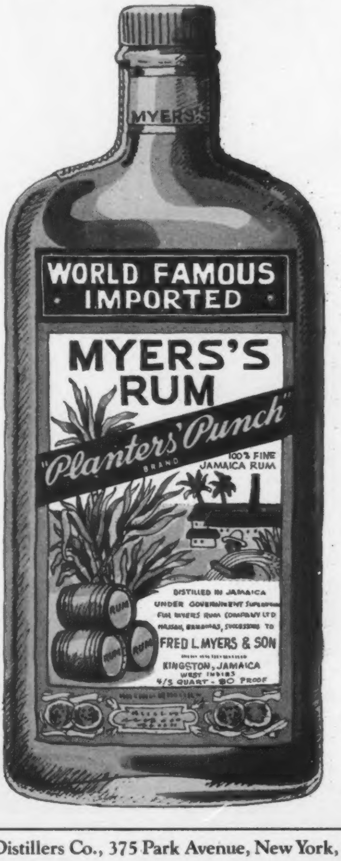
Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planters' Punch:
Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of ½ lemon or lime, 1½ oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.



Myers's Rum and Cola:
Into a highball glass, add 1½ oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point.
Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods. Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way to create an interesting first course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.

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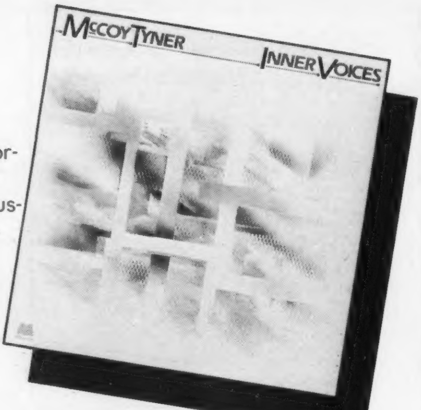

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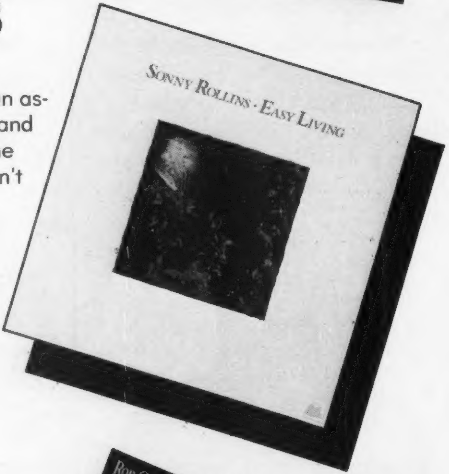

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Ron Carter Quartet
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Milestone On Milestone Records and Tapes

The situation was simply not as critical as environmentalists made out.

Dr. Richard Janda, chief geomorphologist for the U.S. Geological Survey's studies of Redwood Creek that are most frequently cited by environmentalists, leaves no doubt that his personal sympathies lie with the park expansion forces. But as a scientist he deplores the rush to judgment. "At one point," Janda recalls, "I was talking about a sludge of sediment in Redwood Creek. All of a sudden, it became 'The Sludge,' like it was a cork in a champagne bottle that was going to blast out of there and tear everything away with it. Well, that was just bullshit."

The restaurant was lantern-lit, warm, woody and friendly, crowded with Humboldt State students conversing over glasses of wine. Against the wall, a young man deftly picked Jerry Garcia's "Deal" on a deep-bellied guitar. The earnest young environmentalist brushed a knuckle over a sparse Dylan beard and said, "For us, there are seven years of clear-cut studies that show that Redwood National Park is being damaged. Erosion is increasing seven times faster than normal. That's in Janda's report. He's found that some logged-over areas are eroding 17 times faster than watershed not yet cut. U.S. Fish and Wildlife has said there's almost no fish life left in Redwood Creek. But what's most important is that the Park Service has identified Redwood Creek as the only place in the world where we can protect a total redwood ecosystem and all its associate ecosystems."

"It sounds critical," I said.

"It is," the young man replied. "The problem is that the remaining old growth, the virgin growth, in Redwood Creek is on the steepest, wettest, most unstable inner canyon areas."

"But the loggers can't get in there to cut that with the moratorium."

"No," the young man acknowledged. "Not now."

"Why didn't Arcata cut the Tall Trees when they owned them?"

He didn't answer. He said instead: "I've always tried to stress that the Tall Trees is really a symbol of the entire threatened ecosystem."

"You mean, back in Washington?"

He nodded.

"In other words, you're in a political struggle, and you're using political symbols."

"Right. See, you're here taking all these notes, and you'll have to boil them down to so many words when you write your piece. And when you do, our main points are what you'll go with."

"Approximations of truth. But not the whole truth."

He smiled an earnest smile. As the two of us rose to leave, a girl at the next table who had been listening to our conversation turned to me and hissed: "What's the matter, are you against trees?"

Next day, I made some phone calls. Said Darwin Sisson, of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Commission in Eureka, "We've done no studies on Redwood Creek." Said Gary Rankel, of U.S. Fish and Wildlife's cooperative fisheries research office at Humboldt State, "We haven't been doing any work there either. I'm sure whoever said that was mistaken. I'm personally very interested in that subject, and I know of no recent studies on it by us or anyone else." I called Von Der Lippe and asked about the uniqueness of the Redwood Creek ecosystem. "I've never heard that," Von Der Lippe said. "I've never seen that statement made by anyone in the Park Service."

Last year, visitor days totalled a scant 34,000 —3.6 percent of the projected figure

Later I studied the 81-page Janda report put before the Senate last October. It showed ample evidence that erosion in Redwood Creek watershed was massive, that it had triggered landslides, toppled streamside trees and left large deposits of sediment in the creekbed. It came down hard on tractor-yarding as one of the causes and suggested that some of the slopes owned by timber companies were too unstable to be logged at all.

But its tone was far more sober and scientific, its conclusions far more qualified, than its youthful interpreter had allowed. It noted that "the sediment load is not derived predominantly from any one source or process," but that it was "a complex suite of natural and man-induced . . . processes." It nowhere stated that a complete halt to logging operations, or confiscation of the land, was the necessary solution to the problem.

The timber companies, for their part, did little to dispel their wily image. To refute Janda, the three firms hired a Eureka engineering/consulting outfit to prepare their own scientific study. Its objectivity was cast in some doubt when a letter of solicitation to the California Forest Protection Association, a timber industry organ, from one of the consultant's partners turned up; it suggested that the study's data could bear "a great deal of . . . massaging to achieve the necessary results." The same consultant, testifying before the Senate, cited a 1972 U.S. Department of Agriculture study that, in effect, absolved the timber companies of blame for creek sediment.

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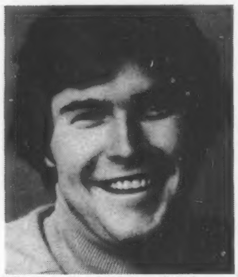

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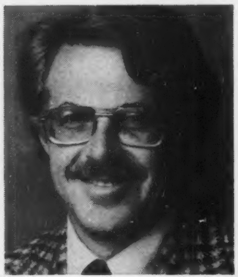

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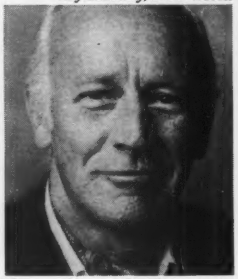

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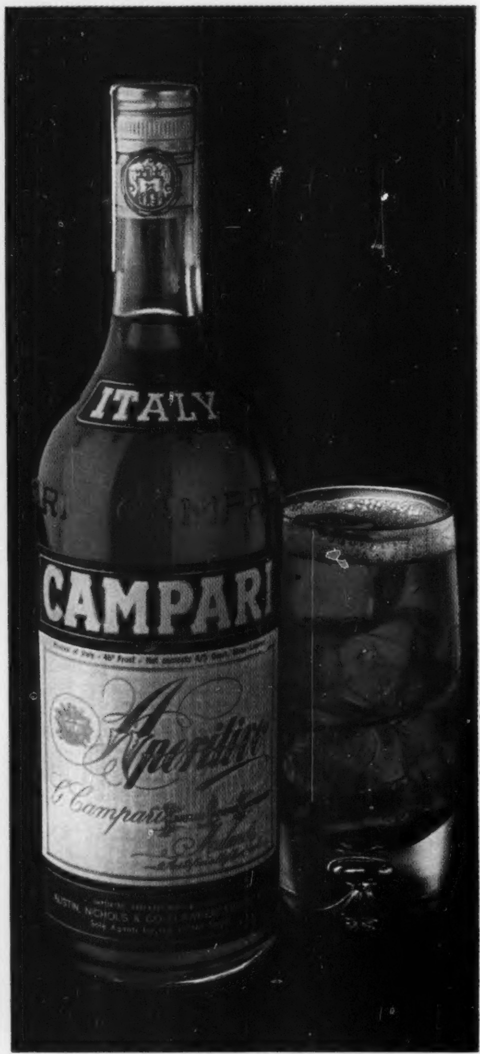

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Janda, in his own testimony, took issue with the statement and source. "Apparently," he said scornfully, "no such report exists."

But it was the industry's insensitivity that damaged its cause the most. "Tallest tree! Big deal!" a lumberman told a newsman. "You cut it down, you've got a new tallest tree somewhere else." That attitude, and the corporate intransigence that lay behind it, was—in the view of virtually all impartial observers—the single biggest obstacle in the way of a compromise. Says one downstate observer who has seen it all, "When this thing's over, the Sierra Club is going to name a certain Arcata executive the 'Father of the New Redwood Park.'"

The office was paneled in lustrous redwood. In a corner, a topcoat hung from a redwood coatrack. The executive sat behind a broad redwood desk as a slide presentation of the timber industry's best case flashed on a screen.

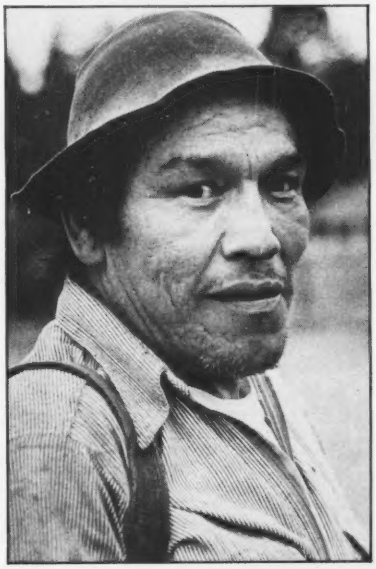
"The redwoods *are* saved," the voice-over assured, and ticked off the figures: 181,000 acres, 283 square miles of redwoods already set aside in more than 100 parks and reserves throughout the state.

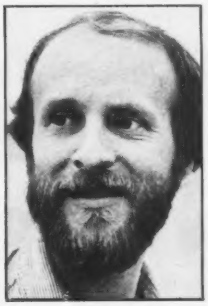
"The industry *is* responsible." Tree nurseries. Reseeding and replanting. New harvesting techniques and smaller cutting units.

"The park is *fully* protected now." The Forest Practices Act. Voluntary agreements. Production *and* preservation. "We must seek a balance, ask how much is enough. One set of values must never be allowed to completely overwhelm another."

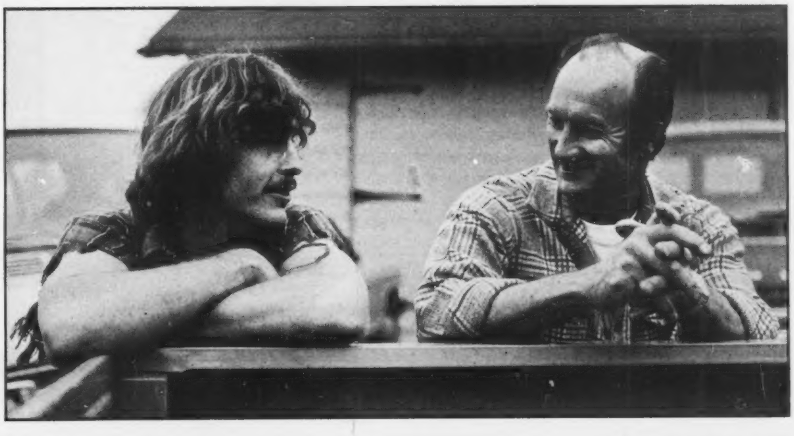
As the lights came up, the timber executive's voice was soft, almost poignant. "It would have been great if we could have found a way to attract young people to our cause," he said. "But we're big business—and to young people that's automatically bad. We never found a way to achieve the emotional appeal of the Sierra Club." The executive shook his head. "*The Last Redwoods*—now that's a book that will make you cry."

Last April, Representative Phillip Burton brought his three-man park expansion subcommittee into Eureka for hearings on the economic impact of his plan. He got an earful. Almost 8,000 angry lumbermen paraded through the streets in protest; 300 timber rigs, airhorns blasting, brought up the rear. Close to 3,000 people jammed Eureka Municipal Auditorium, and for 10 nonstop hours Burton was thunderously booed and hissed—while loggers fondling open switchblades scared the bark off environmentalist witnesses. Behind the emotions lay a cooler state-commissioned study by a forest economist at the University of California at Berkeley, stating that 2,000 jobs would be lost in





"It's our work and our way of life," one logger said. "Dammit all—don't that count for something in all of this?"



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and around the timber industry.

Next day, a cavalcade of some 75 logging trucks and 23 chartered Greyhounds (paid for, at $1,000 each, by concerned Eureka merchants) rumbled over Golden Gate Bridge and pulled up at San Francisco's Federal Building, where Burton was conducting a second day of hearings. They had driven 270 miles through the night to get there. While some 1,500 flag-waving lumbermen spilled out over the plaza, inside, John F. Henning, head of the 1.7 million member California Labor Federation, informed Burton that park expansion "would make an economic Death Valley of Humboldt County."

A month later, a 23-rig convoy—including one truck lugging an 8.5-ton redwood carved as a peanut, a gift to the President—rolled across the country and carried the protest to the very steps of the Capitol. Three hundred Eureka supporters flew in to meet them; for the next several days they made the rounds of congressmen's offices trying to plead their case—and getting nowhere. "The Sierra Club had been through the day before," says Bill Boak, 50, a strapping independent logger from McKinleyville. "Everywhere we went, the congressmen seemed to have just stepped out."

The Clubbers pulled out all the emotional stops. "We had volunteers from New York all the way down to South Carolina, which just reflected the magical aura the redwoods cast," says John Amodio, one of the Sierra Club's chief Washington lobbyists. "We preempted the loggers by presenting every congressman we called on with redwood seedlings. They did that too, but our message was,'Look how tender this tiny seedling is.' And the loggers themselves helped us get media attention we couldn't have gotten ourselves."

There was no doubt of that. The peanut presentation was to have been covered by nationwide TV, but President Carter icily refused to accept the gift or even to meet with the loggers. Instead, a White House aide stepped before the cameras to explain that the President felt it was an "inappropriate" use of a redwood.

"They were slick," Al Lasley, 58, treasurer for Eureka Local 2992 of the Lumber and Sawmill Workers' Union, recalls ruefully. "Up to 45 minutes before it happened, they led us to believe that the President was going to come out and accept it."

The loggers got a stay of execution in the fall. CLF chief Henning pressed AFL-CIO president George Meany, who then went to House Speaker Tip O'Neill—and O'Neill bottled the Burton bill up in committee.

But the stay couldn't last. Park expansion had been a Carter campaign promise; the President had won little enough

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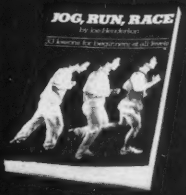

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Runner's World BOX 366, MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIFORNIA 94042 legislation his first year in office, and he was determined to see this measure passed. Swears one Eureka labor official, "When Interior Secretary Andrus visited the Tall Trees last year, he told me, quote, 'It don't matter what you do or don't do. The President wants 48,000 acres, and if I don't give it to him, he's gonna get somebody that will.'"

Meanwhile, a new factor attracted the attention of the media—and the nation. In the first six weeks of this year, 18 trees were vandalized with chainsaws—10 of them so badly that they had to be toppled. But, contrary to media play, the question of responsibility was one on which both sides have agreed. "We got dingbats out in the woods just like you got them in the newspaper business," said one logger. Said John Amodio: "I think it was just some nut." And a Humboldt County special sheriff's deputy added, "The vandalizing of these trees did more than anything else to bring the two feuding sides together."

The rain roared down on the shed's tin roof. Inside, tractor and chain saw parts were strewn across the workbench. Orange flames licked out from the makeshift stove of 50-gallon drums. The gyppo (independent logger), the catskinner (tractor driver) and the logging equipment mechanic huddled round, tapping the drums to lose the chill and the damp.

"Great tourist weather, ain't it?" the gyppo fumed to me. "You seen all the tourists, didn't you? They come up here to see if their campers leak, stop long enough to get pneumonia, then go home. Shee-it! They go through here like corn through a goose."

"But if Burton makes the park twice as big, he's gonna have twice as many tourists," said the mechanic. "That makes sense, don't it?"

The catskinner scowled. "Burton's buying a patch o' snags," he said bitterly. "There ain't 10,000 acres of old growth in the whole 48,000. All the rest's been logged over. And the Tall Trees are dying. It may take 'em a hundred years to finish dying. But they're dying—because it's time for them to die. And you're not going to change that by enlarging the park."

The catskinner poked the fire with a crowbar. "Go back to when I started in the woods, right after the War," he said thoughtfully. "No doubt about it, we tore up the woods and creeks. I helped terrorize 'em myself. The companies took the money and didn't put nothin' back in the ground. It *was* cut and move, and we had to have regulations—had to have 'em forced on us. But we got 'em now, and they're working."

"Who stands to lose?" I asked.

The gyppo shrugged. "The big companies won't get hurt. They'll cry all the way to the bank. And I'll make it. I can hold a few men together. But the little guy is gonna have to go."

"Time lag might be a year before the jobs package comes into being," the catskinner explained. "Those guys are gonna be gone by then. They'll go on up, try for jobs in the mills in Oregon and Washington. They'd rather pick it up and move on than wait for a government handout."

The gyppo swigged black coffee from a steel thermos. "Things have come to a sad damn state when a man wants to work, there's work for him to do—and his own government takes it away from him." He growled: "We're creating a nation of shortages in the name of ecology.

"Tallest tree! Big deal!" a lumberman said. "You cut it down, you've got a new tallest tree somewhere else"

"And where in hell do they get off calling themselves ecologists, and me just a damn logger? I'm a *working* ecologist, not just on weekends, but seven days a week. My grandfather was a logger. My dad, too. Hell, I fired a steam donkey when I was thirteen, drove a tug down the Wakonda Auga up in Oregon. It's a tough business. There's not a one of us ain't been threatened or abused or burnt out by fire. It takes skill and wit to fall a big tree. There's hardly a vertebra in my body that hasn't been cracked, hardly a muscle that's not been pulled. I've had men crippled, had 'em killed. Next to the coal mines, logging's the most dangerous work there is. I pay twenty dollars on a hundred for insurance. But I love it. We all do. It's our work and our way of life." He shook his head. "Dammit all—don't that count for something in all of this?"

The rain stopped suddenly. The gyppo hauled himself to his feet self-consciously, as if he had talked too much of things too close. "All right, you dumb sons of bitches," he roared as he strode toward the shed door, "get your knickknacks out to sell to the tourists so we all get rich!"

It was the White House, not the woods, that loomed largest in Alan Cranston's consideration of the park's expansion. Neither Eureka's Democratic mayor, Sam Sacco, nor park chief Von Der Lippe can recall when Cranston last visited the park. With a population of less than 100,000 people, Cranston could afford to write off Humboldt County politically (the Sierra Club numbers 80,700 in California alone). And indeed, as Majority Whip and California's senior senator, he would likely have carried the measure even if his opponent, Senator S.I. Hayakawa, had been effective.

Hayakawa wasn't. He did visit the park. He listened to arguments pro and con, trooped down to see the Tall Trees and, his escorts say, didn't fall asleep once. But he was less than compelling on the Senate floor. Hayakawa rose to speak wearing plaid slacks, green jacket, blue shirt and a bright red tie; his voice was barely audible even with the mike. When he stated that 2,000 jobs were at stake, Cranston challenged his source. Instead of citing the state's own study, Hayakawa declared the figure "intuitive." Asked one disappointed Eurekan, "Even if you could hear him, how could you take him seriously in that get-up?"

On the House side, Phillip Burton was virtually unassailable. A San Francisco Democrat, he was safely removed from the hostile up-state vote. His district was a hotbed of arm-chair environmentalism. His land acquisition scheme promised to put an enormous chunk of capital into timber industry coffers (for all their protestations, the original establishment of the park pumped $93 million into Arcata alone). And as chairman of the parks subcommittee, Burton had a pocketful of trade-offs to logroll his bill's passage. Indeed, Burton's only concern was labor—and to fend off problems there, he tacked on a $40 million jobs package for retraining and transitional assistance to the loggers. "By the time Burton got the bill to the floor," said one House opponent, "there was nothing left to vote against but the redwoods. And not many members were going to do that."

The vote in the Senate was 74–20 (fumed one Arcata executive: "What'd you expect when two-thirds of the sons of bitches were from east of the Mississippi?"). There was only one small ruffle marring passage in the House. The day of the vote, James T. McIntyre, acting director of the White House's Office of Management and Budget, sent a note over to Tip O'Neill asking that the jobs package be dropped. The President felt its provisions were "neither desirable nor appropriate." Burton ignored the note, accepted a procedural amendment and rejected several others. The bill sailed through 328–60 and went off to House-Senate conference for resolution. The main differences: the $40 million jobs package in the Burton bill, and a $33 million watershed rehabilitation item in the Senate version.

Sam Sacco had his gargantuan girth wedged into the mayor's chair and was looking out over a sun-drenched city when the phone call came bringing word of the vote in the House. His face showed disappointment, not anger. He proposed a spaghetti dinner at his

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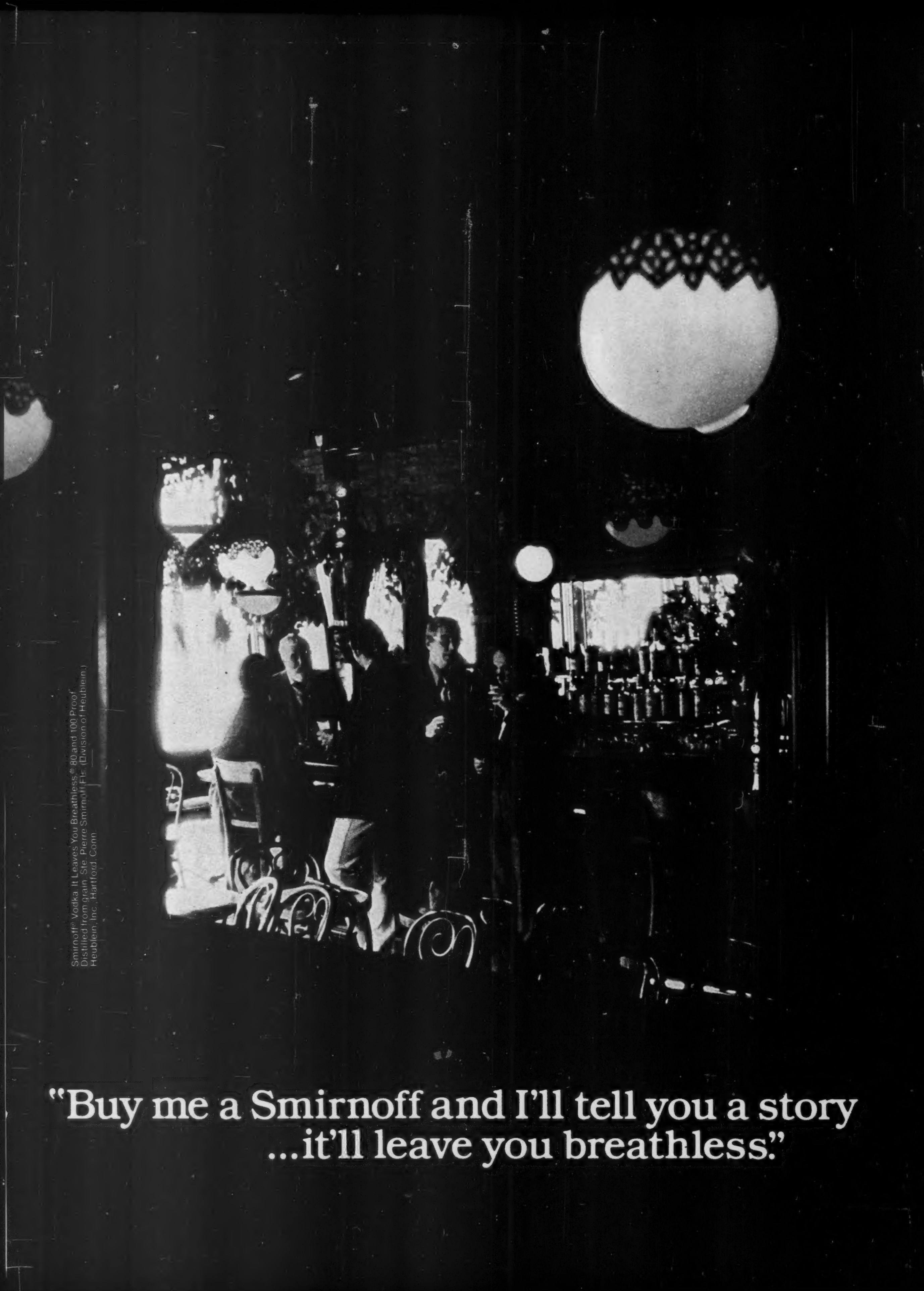
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place—"just a few of us fighters"—to ease the defeat they all had known was inevitable. Then he hung up the phone and sighed. "Maybe Cranston wants a grove named after him," he said in his high-pitched voice. "Maybe he wants to be buried up here. We'll give him a headstone, but the epitaph wouldn't be printable."

The phone rang again: Angie Noel, Associated Press, San Francisco. "There is no democracy on Capitol Hill, Angie," Sacco said. "It's fascism in its purest form." It was rhetoric to be quoted. Then he waxed philosophical: "We fought a good battle. We'll come through this. We'll make a comeback. We're a hard, resilient people up here."

Out at Local 2992 headquarters off highway 101, union treasurer Al Lasley and Ray Nelson, 65, coordinator for the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, were having a smoke when they got the news. Nelson sighed. "Right now we've got 419 people out of work," he said. "But that'll go higher when the spring harvest comes. That's when the work starts, and there're no logs for the mills as it is."

"Hell," said Nelson, "once it passed the Senate we gave up the fight and went to work with Burton on the jobs bill. If that passes, I'd like to hope it proves a turning point—something that'll wake up the people of this country to the costs, and get 'em to take a second look at these environmentalists, and maybe say, 'To hell with you.'" He stuck out his jaw defiantly. "But whatever happens, we're gonna come through this."

That night, up at the Clam Beach Inn on the old highway outside town, a dozen or so loggers sat stiffly hunched over drinks at the bar. The juke box was silent. No one spoke of the vote, but it was plainly in their thoughts. Red, a thick-necked tree-faller with a face like bark, punched his fists into the bar and said to his sidekick, "Old Coates retired."

"He didn't!"

Red nodded. "Sombitch was 80."

Whitey, thick as a redwood stump and not much taller, glided by grinning from ear to ear. "Me," he said happily, "I may never work again."

"You're a drunk sombitch," said Red's friend, a gyppo named Bill.

"Had me two heart o'tacks on the fourteenth," Whitey explained. "Now I'm collecting one hundred and thirty-four dollars a week com-pen-sation for sittin' on my ass."

"Shoot," said Bill, "you'll be back in the woods 'fore summer."

Whitey roared. "Hell, I know it," he said, clapping the older man on the back. "Red, you old bastard, when you gonna retire?"

Red grinned; his eyes narrowed to gimlets. A plug of chaw blacked out his two front teeth. "I still got me a lotta trees to fall, if there's any left they'll let us cut." He knocked back his drink. "Hell, I'm only 73."

It will take all the money the bill has provided, and probably more, to do what must be done. The Tall Trees have still to be saved. That will require a monumental, ongoing dredging effort (Janda estimates that no fewer than 3 million cubic yards of sediment are now lodged in watershed creekbeds), plus construction of massive rock rip-rap barriers around the threatened grove (the Park Service no longer opposes such man-made tamperings with nature). To stop upland erosion and restore the land's pristine beauty, close to 38,000 acres will have to be reforested. More than 1,100 miles of logging roads will have to be plowed back into natural state. That task alone will likely take five years, and while it is going on the remaining roads, ditches and culverts will have to be maintained against blockage and washout lest still more silt and gravel wash down into the creek. And meanwhile the battle for land acquisition will play itself out in the courts.

As one aggressive timber company executive put it: "If we own it, we cut it!"

How much the entire package will ultimately cost is, at this point, anybody's guess. But two things are certain. First, there is nothing that must be done that could not have been done either by the timber companies, at timber company expense, or as a joint venture between industry and the Park Service, at vastly less cost to the taxpayer. Second, there *were* alternatives to legislative confiscation of 48,000 acres. These ranged from lease management and easement agreements to a promising scheme involving selective land acquisition, still more stringent logging controls and joint watershed rehabilitation.

It was the timber companies' 19th-century Captain-of-Industry intransigence and the 20th-century *hubris* of the Sierra Club that together sealed off hope of compromise. The result is an overpriced, undervisited esoteric toy for a handful of eco-specialists to dabble in. The victim is the public, which is left to pick up the tab. And it didn't have to be that way. As Dick Janda sums up with bitterness and not a trace of anger, "There *were* alternatives. But they called for strong and flexible leadership in government and the timber industry as well. And there was simply none of that in either camp." ●

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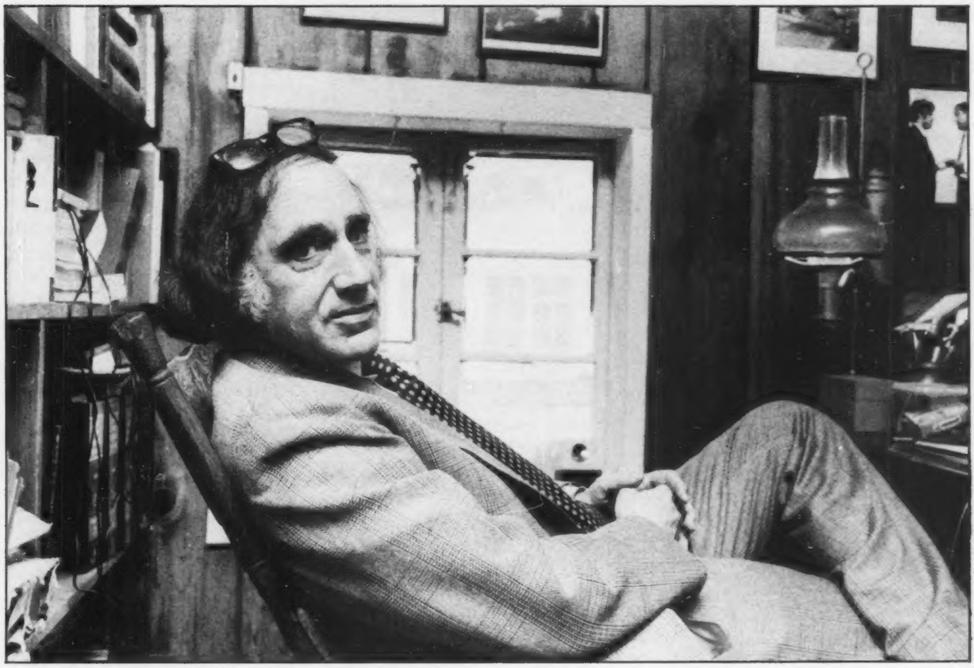
Wild Bill

The Golden Age is over, but William Kunstler is not about to turn the radical cheek

by James Gleick



PHOTOGRAPH BY MADDY MILLER

William Kunstler doesn't often brood about days gone by, but for a radical lawyer these are hard times. Once in a while the past seems to reach out and slap him right across the face, the way it did at a Yippie rally last month in Greenwich Village when only 40 people turned out to hear him speak. It was disheartening, looking at 40 bodies spread out over those hundreds of empty folding chairs in the Washington Square Methodist Church. But not too disheartening—it was still the Yips, and they still were rallying. Kunstler was glad to address any of the faithful who would listen. They were survivors, these Yippies, survivors from the Golden Age, and Kunstler was a survivor too. "It's alive," he said, staring out over the crowd from a bench off to one side. Up on stage, the band (David Peel and the Lower East Side) was fooling with the sound system. "It's alive. When was it ever more than a handful?"

If Kunstler seems bent on preserving the style and rhetoric of the sixties, against all odds, right through the seventies, he has good reason. The last few years have been lean ones for the "movement." The government hasn't been chasing down dissidents with its old vigor, and the prosecution of political criminals is not as common or as obvious as it once was; to Kunstler, this is a sign that repression has grown subtler, and therefore more dangerous. And lately, even when political defendants manage to gain publicity, a backlash seems to set in soon after—a widespread sense that Patty Hearst and Hurricane Carter and Joan Little may have been garden-variety criminals who used shrewd lawyers to manipulate the courts and public opinion.

"I understand human nature," Kunstler says. "The system makes deep, deep inroads on everybody, and everybody can easily rationalize. People are tired, and people are jaded." So now he waited for his turn to speak to the sparse rally—a benefit for the Phone Phreak Defense Phund—while a Phone Phreak enacted an old Yippie ritual, the recitation of the latest secret code numbers for making illegal credit-card calls. "These numbers are all real, you know," Kunstler whispered.

Then it was his turn at the microphone. "I was glad to come here," he began, "because the Yippies are one of the few groups that still have some of the vitality of the sixties left in this age of apathy . . ." A squeal of microphone feedback forced him to stop.

James Gleick is a freelance writer based in New York.

". . . this age of apathy in almost every place." He spoke without notes for about ten minutes, narrating the history of his encounters with the phone company and the FBI—he found a bug inside his phone just last month, he said—and speculating about a handful of other conspiracies. He mentioned the case of William Sullivan, the FBI's third-ranking official under J. Edgar Hoover; Sullivan was recently killed in New Hampshire by the son of a small-town sheriff in what was termed a hunting accident, just before he was to give damaging testimony before the House Select Committee on Assassinations. "I'm as certain as we're here tonight," Kunstler told the Yippies, "that there was a contract on William Sullivan, and he was murdered. Because I just can't believe it's a coincidence that this former member of the Federal Bureau, the one who revealed the most to the Church Committee, was shot in an accidental way, in a hunting situation, by the son of a law-enforcement agent." And he talked about the Malcolm X case, which he is trying to reopen because he has "evidence of FBI involvement in the assassination." There was to be a court hearing the next day, and he invited the crowd. "We expect a lot of people to be there tomorrow," he said. "The more the merrier."

He finished, drawing scattered applause, and left the church in a somber mood. He's a tall man, and he stepped quickly through the snow along West Fourth Street. "It was like a ghost of the sixties," he said.

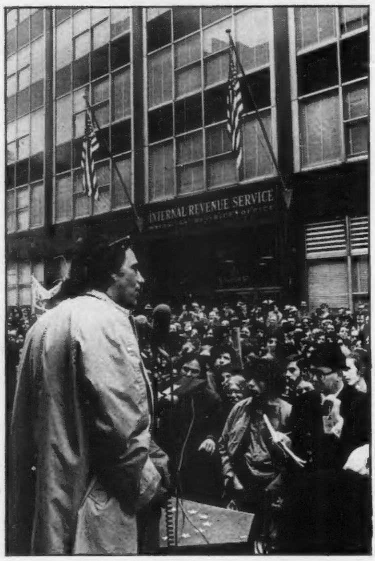
He spotted a panhandler and reached into his pocket. "Here." He handed him a few coins. "All the change I have. Take care now."

It was on Valentine's Day, 1970, that the Chicago Eight conspiracy trial gave Kunstler a final dose of the notoriety that has dogged him ever since. The trial had been as spectacular and outrageous as anything seen in an American courtroom, and now, after the jury had gone out to deliberate, all of the tension that had been accumulating for months exploded. Judge Julius Hoffman began to read long contempt sentences for the defendants and their lawyers. David Dellinger was first: 29 months and 13 days for 32 counts of contempt—five months alone for using the word "bullshit" in open court.

"This is a travesty of justice," Dellinger shouted. Jerry Rubin marched toward the judge's bench holding his arm out in a Nazi salute: "Heil Hitler! Heil Hitler!" he cried.

Kunstler himself rose, weeping, and said, "My life has come to nothing. I am not anything any more. You have destroyed me and everybody else. Put me in jail now, for God's sake, and get me out of this place. Come to mine now, judge, please. I beg you. Do me, too."

Of the Chicago Eight defendants, two are working for the Carter Administration, one for Jerry Brown



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Judge Hoffman did get around to Kunstler, of course, sentencing him to four years for 24 counts of contempt. "I have the utmost faith," Kunstler told him, "that my beloved brethren at the bar will not allow themselves to be frightened out of defending the poor, the persecuted, the radicals and militant, the black people, the pacifists and the political pariahs of this, our common land.

"I may not be the greatest lawyer in the world, Your Honor, but I think I am, this moment, along with my colleague, Leonard Weinglass, the most privileged. We are being punished for what we believe in."

Kunstler had been a liberal, activist lawyer of a breed that came out of the civil rights movement in the early sixties. He got his start in 1961, defending Freedom Riders in Jackson, Mississippi, and gradually abandoned the law practice he shared with his younger brother Michael. The two Kunstlers had grown up in comfortable, Jewish, middle-class surroundings, the sons of a physician, and had gone through school together: Yale, where Bill was Phi Beta Kappa, and Columbia Law School.

The Chicago trial confirmed in Kunstler a radical strain not shared by most of his early fellow travelers: a basic distrust of the American judicial system and all its sacraments. He has lost whatever taste he may have had for courtroom pomp and ceremony and has developed a counter-pious courtroom style, which he calls "the beating of gadfly wings." Nowadays, when a judge enters the courtroom and the other lawyers jump to their feet, Kunstler remains seated: "Look at those sheep," he mutters, "those automatons." It has become routine for judges to retaliate with snideness ("Although Mr. Kunstler may not believe this, we are as interested in seeing justice done as he is") and just as routine for Kunstler to storm and sputter at every adverse ruling ("I know I'm fighting into a windstorm, judge . . . ").

His courtroom behavior has hurt his reputation among his brethren at the bar—they invariably use the word "antics"—and his occasionally flamboyant behavior out of court has hurt him too. Kunstler himself recalls "a bad scene I had a couple of years ago," when he told some reporters in Dallas that he didn't think it was a wholly bad thing that the Kennedys had been assassinated. The *New York Times* ran an outraged editorial, and Senator James Buckley called for his disbarment.

"Probably that was a mistake," he now says. But he still doesn't regret the thought. "Actually, I was just a year or so ahead of my time. The revelations about the Cuban invasion hadn't come out, the attempts to kill Castro, the union with the gangsters—the whole sad and dirty Kennedy story was not yet known to the general public, which thought of them as gods."

Kunstler has associated himself with virtually every radical and quasi-radical cause in the last decade: the Black Liberation Army, the American Indian Movement, the Revolutionary Action Movement, the FALN, the Catonsville Nine, the Milwaukee Fourteen, the New York Twenty One, the Harlem Five, H. Rap Brown, Bobby Seale, Bobby Lee Williams, Stokely Carmichael, Malcolm X, Adam Clayton Powell. Not Patty Hearst, although the Hearsts approached him before they settled on F. Lee Bailey—they wouldn't accept Kunstler's demand that they keep themselves and their money out of the case entirely. His most recent left-wing luminary is Joan Little, now fighting extradition from New York to North Carolina, where she had been serving a 7- to 10-year sentence for breaking and entering until she escaped last October. The Little case is one more gash in the sinking ship of his reputation: he has come to be known as the great ambulance chaser of the left. "Bill will take any case that involves a black and has a TV camera anywhere in the vicinity," says

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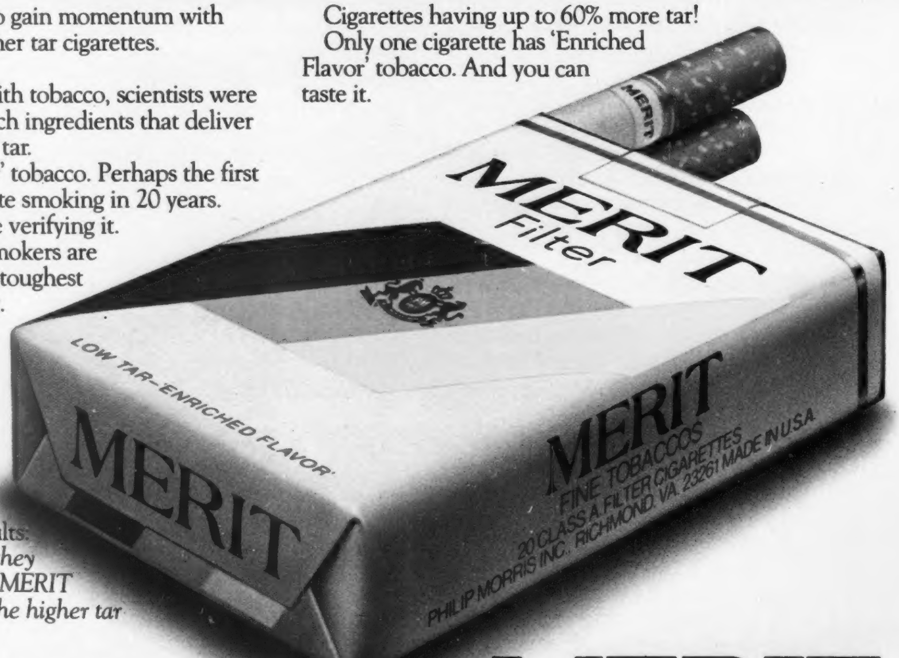
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one civil liberties lawyer.

Kunstler's path has diverged markedly from those of many old movement colleagues. Some have returned to conventional practices, while others have settled for the relatively safe practice of civil liberties law, defending the First Amendment rights of Nazis and pornographers or fighting the resurgence of school prayer. Some continue to admire Kunstler, if only for his energy and his sincere devotion to the cause. "If he professes to be a revolutionary, then I believe he believes he's a revolutionary," a former American Civil Liberties Union official says. Others recite a litany of standard criticisms as easily as if they kept a checklist in a desk drawer. Kunstler goes to court unprepared, they say. Kunstler does sloppy work. Kunstler loves his politics better than his clients, and he loves publicity best of all.

"Screw the law—you get the guy off any way you can"

This last is the most damning charge, and perhaps the least justified. Few lawyers care more for their clients than Kunstler, in court and out. He doesn't just defend them, he shares his whole life with them: they eat his food, sleep on his sofas. Rap Brown was married in his house—indeed, Kunstler's extralegal devotion to his clients is another source of criticism from his colleagues, who wish he could represent leftists without identifying himself so unprofessionally with their causes.

"I'm not interested in establishing a body of reformist law," Kunstler says. "Screw the law—you get the guy off any way you can. If you can get a statute declared unconstitutional, fine, but getting the client onto the street—that's the best feeling there is."

In a way, a single complaint seems to lie behind all the charges leveled at Kunstler by his old movement associates: he has lost his sense of moderation, his sense of timing. They seem to be saying, doesn't he know the sixties are over?

"You just have to last through these periods," Kunstler said. He was sitting at home in his Gay Street brownstone, feeding his 14-month-old daughter, Sarah. He had been improvising a dinnertime story. "Then the little girl did fellatio upon the lion," he said, spooning more baby food into Sarah's mouth. He smiled at a visitor. "Is that possible?"

At the age of 58, Kunstler is starting a new family life. He recently divorced his wife of 30 years and left their Mamaroneck, New York, home to begin all over again in Greenwich Village. He married Margaret Ratner, an attorney and the former wife of a colleague. She is 32, several years younger than Kunstler's eldest daughter. The couple often works together, serving various radical causes out of an office on the top floor of their house, its walls cluttered with memorabilia of Kunstler's years in the movement: gifts from Native American clients, carvings from inmates, photographs of Kunstler and his friends. He's especially proud of the Richard Avedon portrait of him standing with Leonard Weinglass taken during the Chicago Eight trial almost a decade ago. Kunstler has hardly changed since: his bony face has grown craggier, and his long, graying hair now makes a half-serious effort to cover his bald pate, but it's easy to believe him when he says he feels young.He gestured at his daughter. "This has really been a rejuvenating thing," he said. "Sarah is younger than my grandchildren, and we have another one on the way." He gave her another spoonful. "How does a cow go, Sarah?"

His years of defending radical and Third World clients have not made Kunstler a rich man. He never accepts fees from "progressive people," subsisting instead almost entirely on what he makes from speaking and writing. He's a prolific writer, the author of eight books and hundreds of articles; and on the lecture circuit he's an excellent draw, even at law schools and bar associations,where he is almost universally reviled.

Once or twice a year he takes a case he can charge for, a non-political case. "Never a case that offends my sensibilities, though," he says. He's involved now in the Purple Gang heroin conspiracy case in Brooklyn, although he usually refuses such cases because he believes heroin is an instrument of oppression wielded by the system. Another recent paying client was Murray Gold, a stockbroker convicted of murdering his ex-wife's parents. Kunstler does accept court fees to represent defendants who qualify as indigent, because he likes the irony of it. "I think that's great, to have the system pay you to represent people who want to destroy the system. It's the sort of paradox I like."

The next day Kunstler drove to Brooklyn for a Supreme Court hearing on bail for Joan Little. He drives a nine-year-old Saab with a chronic gas leak and a single deformed windshield wiper, imperfections his reverse snobbery lets him treasure. "The gas doesn't smell so bad today," he asked cheerfully, rolling down his window. Then he reached for the CB radio beneath the dashboard. "Breaker one-nine, breaker one-nine. This is Wild Bill, Wild Bill. How is mail on Brooklyn Bridge westbound?" No answer came through the static.

It seemed unlikely that Kunstler would be able to get Joan Little free on bail: she was a convicted felon and an escapee, a 23-year-old black woman who became a radical and feminist cause celebre in 1975 after she killed a white jailer with an icepick and ran away. A North Carolina jury acquitted her of murder in that case—she testified that the jailer had tried to rape her and that she stabbed him in self-defense—but the publicity could hardly have endeared her to the forces of justice in Raleigh or in Brooklyn.

Kunstler had a small part to play in that original trial. James Reston Jr., in his excellent book *The Innocence of Joan Little,* wrote that he may have provided the best sideshow of that long summer. He was sitting with his wife on the beach at Montauk, Long Island, resting in the sun on a rare vacation, leafing through the *New York Times,* when suddenly he saw his name in the paper: Jerry Paul, Little's North Carolina attorney, had announced he was inviting Kunstler to fly down and join the defense team. Kunstler ran to the phone and within hours was on his way to Raleigh.

As Paul had anticipated (although he didn't say so to Kunstler), the trial judge refused to allow the out-of-state lawyer to take part in the defense. Kunstler rose to the occasion. "Thank you, judge," he shouted. "I'm glad to see the quality of justice has not improved in North Carolina."

"Any more remarks like that and you'll be up on the fifth floor," the judge said.

"Take me up there, judge. I think what you're doing is outrageous." Kunstler spent two hours in jail and then flew home.

To those who say Kunstler's publicity-seeking theatrics work to the detriment of his clients, he replies that publicity is a radical's most important weapon. "I have some good instincts," he said, looking for a parking place near the Supreme Court building in Brooklyn. "I've survived this long by saying the right thing at the right time, and that was the right thing to say.

"Here's what I could have done—just take the alternatives. I could have said, 'Thank you, Your Honor,' and gone home, right? There wouldn't have been a word in the papers except 'An application on behalf of William Kunstler was denied.'

"I could have done that. But while I didn't plan it—I didn't know what the hell the judge would do, it was my first day in that courthouse—I thought it was much better for Joan that I express the anger. She got national headlines, and I thought it was beneficial to her."

Kunstler calls his style "the beating of gadfly wings"

Joan Little may stand as a symbol of what has gone wrong with Kunstler's career—or else a symbol of how the times have failed him. As a rallying point for radicals, especially now that her murder trial is over, she lacks the most basic credentials: she isn't a spokesperson for any particular ideology, nor was there anything even vaguely political about the robbery for which she was serving time in North Carolina. All of Kunstler's legal brilliance, all his trial experience, all his years of dedication to the movement—what has it all come to? He is defending a petty thief and a jailbreaker, and maybe a murderer at that.

WIDE WORLD

"Kunstler," asked client Joan Little, "how come everybody in New York City hates you?"

He has an easy answer: "She's still black. She's still getting shafted." Kunstler believes it is all the more important to work for people like Little now that the country has entered an era of apathy. "She represents that faceless, silent, restless black spirit," he says. "People will use her to show the inequities in the system."

The bail hearing was short—less than 15 minutes from start to finish—and, as Kunstler said afterward, it was an example of how, properly handled, the system can be made to yield to the mythology. He faced the panel of five judges from the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court and quickly summarized his brief. "She is a marked woman in North Carolina," he told the judges.

In a voice marked by a soft Southern accent, the assistant district attorney for Brooklyn—a North Carolina native named Nancy McKay—asked the court not to set bail, arguing that a convicted felon shouldn't be in a better position than someone who is awaiting trial and may never be convicted at all. "She has escaped," McKay said gamely. "She is a felon . . . "

"We can't disregard the fact that this is a state down South," Judge Shapiro said. "We can't disregard the past history of the situation." He asked if Little had committed any crimes against the State of New York.

McKay said there were charges arising from the circumstances of Little's arrest, which involved a high-speed chase through the streets of Brooklyn, but she added that those charges would probably be dropped in deference to North Carolina's greater claim on the prisoner. She told the judge that the D.A. considered it a virtual certainty that the governor would return Little to North Carolina.

"Strange things happen in an election year," said the judge. "All right, we'll take it into consideration."

At that moment, Kunstler knew he had won. In the car on the way back to Manhattan, he explained: "The system has to prove it is not repressive." It was a victory of public relations as much as of law, the fruit of Kunstler's posturing in Raleigh two years before as much as of his arguments in court that day. Three weeks later, when Governor Carey signed the order to extradite Little, Kunstler gave out what he hoped would be a "pretty heavy statement—nothing diplomatic about it." He called Carey's action both "racist" and "politically cowardly," and the same day filed for a new court hearing

> **"Bill will take any case with a black and a TV camera in the vicinity"**

(to take place March 23).

North Carolina officials were outraged that Joan Little was freed on bail and allowed to remain free even after Carey signed the extradition order. "It's ludicrous," said the assistant attorney general who had been dealing with New York. "Kunstler is pulling the old Civil War Trick here—he's depicting our state as a racist, redneck and slavery-oriented state. Well, Joan Little is no Joan of Arc, and eventually some people are going to catch on to that."

Michael Kunstler says of his brother, "Maybe history passes him by. I don't know. At some point in our lives we stay very much the way we were, even though the world has changed.

"It might be that Bill was just a man for the excitement of those few years—he decided to stick with it, and maybe that's why he ended up as more of a loner."

One by one, Kunstler's old friends in the movement have abandoned him, withdrawing into one form or another of counter-revolutionary hibernation. Of the Chicago Eight defendants, two are working for the Carter Administration, and another, Tom Hayden, just accepted an appointment from Jerry Brown.

"The great surge of feeling, of egalitarianism has passed for a while, it's true," said Kunstler. "The war is over. The civil rights movement has achieved its limited goals—the right to vote, the right to use public accommodations; it really was limited to that.

"Also, people are tired. Too many cases, too many of the same cries, so people say, 'Leave me alone.' And you don't have new people to replace them, because the young people are in a state of their own apathy, they're caught up in school. I think it's because the world is so rotten outside.

"And so you have this terrible letdown."

In an article he had mailed to the *New York Law Journal* a few days before the Little bail hearing, he summed up what he sees as the inescapable dilemma for progressive lawyers like himself: "They must operate within the confines of the institution itself while, at the same time, they realize that it is designed to crush them and virtually everyone else in its relentless obsession with achieving the economic totalitarianism demanded by the New Colossus . . . I rather imagine that the best that these lawyers can do is to help revolutionaries hold whatever beachheads can be secured until such time as the old order's collapse is at hand."

Shortly after her hearing in Brooklyn, the New York Appellate Division set Joan Little's bail at $50,000. It took only a few days for Kunstler to round up the money from various left-wing groups, and on the last day of January he headed out to Riker's Island prison to free Joan Little. Jerry Paul had flown up from North Carolina for the occasion. Paul is a red-faced, gum-chewing man, and under his suit, which he and Kunstler had ironed earlier that morning, he wore a "Jesus is coming and boy is He pissed" T-shirt. Together, in a hubbub of reporters and cameramen, they brought out their famous client, who told the crowd that Riker's had been like a Holiday Inn.

A blissful-looking young reporter with smooth pink cheeks approached Kunstler with a question, but something about him made the lawyer uneasy.

"Who are you with?" Kunstler asked.

"The *News World.*"

"Is that the, uh, Moonies?"

"It was started by Reverend Moon, yes," he admitted.

"Well, I'm sorry," Kunstler said, "but I have strong feelings about your organization. I also have strong feelings about the South Korean arms situation. No, I'm just not going to say anything."

The reporter looked disappointed. "Well, suit yourself."

"I have," Kunstler said, and he walked with Joan Little to his car.

On the way home, driving over the Triborough Bridge into Manhattan, Kunstler pointed out Riker's Island in the East River below. Little looked at the orange brick cellblocks she had just left. "Sure enough," she said.

"Kunstler," she asked, "how come everybody in New York City hates you?"

He laughed it off. Earlier, he had answered a similar question this way: "The attempt is always to make you appear as a buffoon; I'm used to that. A buffoon, or a ranter, or a person who talks always in rhetorical terms, or a nut—there are a million different ways you can be looked at."

On the car radio, an announcer was reading a tribute to Hubert Humphrey. "Isn't it criminal," Kunstler said. "All that bullshit about Humphrey, who was a total failure whenever moral principles were involved. It shows the illusion of history." ●

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Angel Death

Angel Dust, or PCP, is the most misunderstood drug in America; not even its users can explain why they take it

by Peter Koper

Charlie Innes, a Johns Hopkins undergraduate, was cooperating nicely with the Baltimore cops who were searching his apartment until he suddenly remembered a little aluminum film cannister that he'd left on a table. In a desperate attempt to destroy the evidence, Innes snatched the cannister off the table and swallowed its entire contents. The police took Charlie to Union Memorial Hospital to have his stomach pumped. It was a vain effort; whatever he swallowed was irretrievable, and he was released.

Five days later the police discovered Innes standing buck naked on a fire escape. He was taken this time to Mercy Hospital, where doctors pronounced him "psycho-neurotic" and released him in police custody. The cops transported Charlie to the Baltimore central lock-up. The charge: disorderly conduct, a misdemeanor.

Late that night the turnkey went to check on Innes, whom the police now considered a "flipped-out hippie." He found Charlie stretching his arms through the bars of his cell. What remained of his eyeballs was dripping down his cheeks. Innes had plunged his fingers into his eyes and had succeeded in blinding himself for life.

"It's my drug of drugs," says Allan C. "It's my favorite." Mr. C. is 43 years old. He has seven children and three grandchildren. He was an advertising executive before he dropped out to explore his "higher consciousness." Six years ago he was turned on to the drug, and now he uses it on the average of once a week. "It gives me a clarity," he says. "A sort of speed trip. I feel motivated, I feel self-confidence."

Bear grew up in the Latin American community of East Los Angeles. He's 16, and he's been using the drug for two years. Today Bear is stoned, and he reaches for words. "It's a beautiful high. You'll be tripping out on a lot of different things . . . you know, you'll be thinking of death, not only once but many times . . . I would go out on the roof and think to myself, 'jump off!' I don't know what held me from jumping, but when I came down I said,'That was the most stupidest thing I ever did in my life.'"

A few weeks ago, Ned T. York, a 37-year-old Hollywood actor who had been arrested in connection with the Hillside Strangler case, was released in police custody. To reporters clamoring for a statement, York said: "I was smoking Angel Dust, and I'm not in control of my speech."

The drug is l- (l-phencyclohexyl) piperidine hydrochloride, or phencyclidine, or simply PCP; and it has slowly found a burgeoning market—in schools, homes and on streetcorner hang-outs in some 39 states—since it was first used to get high back in 1967. Sketchy medical knowledge about PCP, not to mention its frequently bizarre effects, has helped perpetuate a variety of myths: PCP causes users to kill and maim; it damages brain cells; it makes you commit suicide; it enhances sex; it's made with formaldehyde; it's rocket fuel; it makes you get down on all fours and bark like a dog . . . or drool like an infant. Some of these myths are just that, while others are close to fact.

PCP was first synthesized in the mid-fifties, and then was manufactured and tested on humans as a surgical anesthetic under the Parke, Davis trade name "Sernyl." Although Sernyl was an effective anesthetic, patients who used it experienced several disturbing side effects: severe problems with speech and vision; delirium; and agitation. Early in 1965,Parke,Davis took the drug off the market and suggested that its use on humans be discontinued. Two years later Parke,Davis reintroduced the drug as Sernylan, billing it as an animal anesthetic and tranquilizer and cautioning that it was for "veterinary use only."

At present, the only legal manufacturer of PCP is Bio-Ceutic Laboratories, but the use of Sernylan, even in veterinary medicine, is quite rare. "Your average run-of-the-mill vet wouldn't recommend it," says Dr. Harry Schultz, a Baltimore vet associated with the Carney Animal Hospital. "The drug is just too strong."

"Sernylan is no longer widely used," says Dr. Charles McPherson of the Animal Resources branch of the National Institutes of Health in Washington, D.C. "Ketamine [a related drug] is used in surgery instead because it's smoother. Sernylan is used as an agent in restraining monkeys so they can be handled." And do research monkeys trip out on PCP? "It is not obvious that they are on any kind of trip when they come out of the drug," McPherson replies.

PCP first came to public attention in San Francisco in June 1967, when about 5,000 of what were referred to, in the vernacular of that era, as "Peace Pills" were distributed at a rock concert in Haight-Ashbury. Dr. David Smith, a physician and toxicologist who founded and still runs the Haight Free Clinic, remembers that: "We had a whole bunch of freak-outs. Our clinic was filled with bad trips. We didn't know what it was, or how to treat it. We sent samples to a lab for analysis and found out it was PCP."

After the freak-outs in the Haight, word went out among drug-wise hippies that "Peace Pills" were garbage; few

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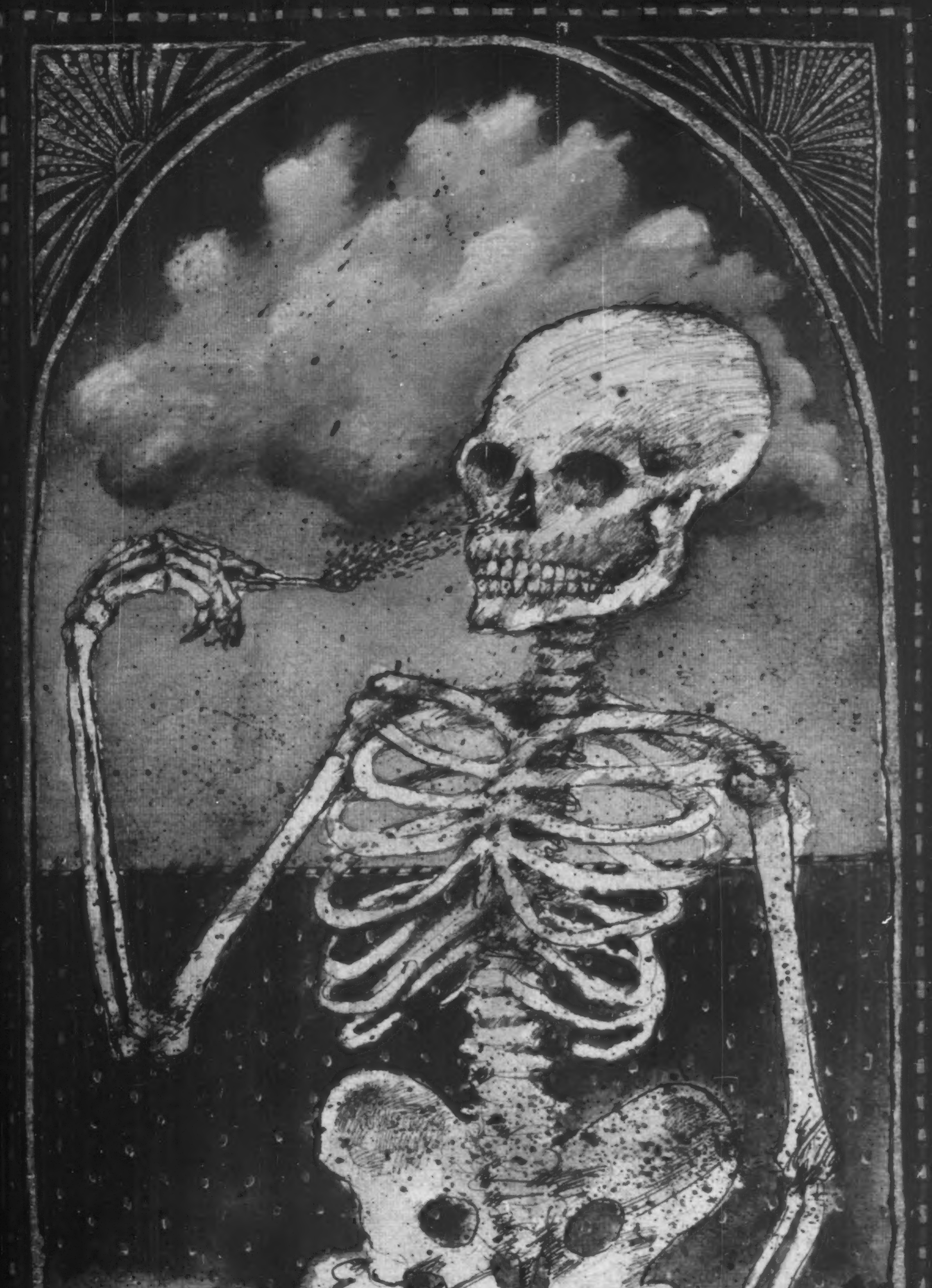
Peter Koper is a freelance writer who lives on a farm in Maryland. He teaches at the University of the District of Columbia.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRIK DRESCHER



people actively sought PCP as their drug of choice, and its usage entered a dormant stage. But PCP was easy to manufacture and cheap to produce, so dollarwise dealers began selling it under different names like "THC" or "cannabinol," or in combination with mescaline, psilosybin or LSD, a deceptive practice which continues on the street today.

"Sometimes I mix cannabinol with dust and then smoke it," says Bear, explaining how he likes to get high. A drug counselor tells him that in doing so "you've got *twice* as much dust as when you started," because the "cannabinol" is just a variant of the name dealers use for PCP; it is, literally, more PCP.

THC (delta-9-tetrahydrocannabinol), the psychoactive ingredient in marijuana, has never been available on the street because it is extremely expensive to make and must be kept refrigerated to remain stable. This ersatz "THC" can easily be purchased on the streets of New York City at $2.50 a tablet, although the PCP content is now so low one user says he has to take five or six to get a "buzz." In a similar scam, PCP in combination with LSD is sold as "mescaline"—despite the fact that true hallucinogens are rarely found on the street anymore. Samples analyzed by the Street Drug Analysis Program in Los Angeles County show that 92 percent of the drugs collected over the last six years using names like THC and "cannabinol" have been PCP. Chances are, if there's a new or unusual name for a drug on the street, it probably contains PCP. And PCP is sold under any one of a laundry list of names: Angel Dust, Dust Joint, Hog, Crystal, KJ, Parsley, Flakes, Goon, Killer Weed, Rocket Fuel, Animal Tranquilizer, Super Weed, Peace Pill, *ad nauseam*. By the same token, PCP is rarely—if ever—sprayed on ordinary grass, despite reports to the contrary in *Time* magazine and on CBS. According to Sally Montgomery, coordinator of the L.A. Street Drug Analysis Program, "In all the years we have been analyzing drugs, we've only seen two cannabis samples that contained traces of PCP." And in the dealing world, using grass as a vehicle for PCP makes no economic sense: cheap Mexican grass at, say, $100 a pound, costs more than a pound of flakes.

The main reason for the confusion surrounding PCP is that virtually no clinical research has been done with human users since Parke, Davis pulled out of the picture in 1965. Subsequently, only a few grants to study the growing problem have been handed out by the federal government. And the National Institute on Drug Abuse (the federal agency responsible for drug treatment and research) has been asleep at the wheel. In a July 1977 internal memo prompted by concern over "the increase in inquiries" about Angel Dust, director of resource development Laurence T. Carroll grandly listed ten research projects dealing with PCP. A close reading of the document, however, shows that only *two* of the projects had been funded, and that many of the others were only marginally concerned with PCP. In the intervening months, NIDA has awakened to the problem and has started to educate the public and drug abuse professionals to the dangers of PCP.

Why hasn't NIDA known what's been going on in the streets? Probably because its Drug Abuse Warning Network (DAWN)—charged with gathering emergency room, medical examiner and drug treatment data from across the country—doesn't work. In fact, DAWN is generally regarded as a joke among drug abuse workers. "It's a worthless report, as thick as a phone book, but it doesn't tell you what's happening," says an East Coast drug treatment worker.

Displaying its profound lack of street smarts, the DAWN report lists PCP in the hallucinogen category along with LSD, which is a bit like comparing Manischewitz with Chateau Margaux. To be more accurate, "PCP is in a brand new category, both pharmacologically and behaviorally," says Steve Lerner, a drug researcher who works with Dr. Stanley Burns, a resident in neurology at the University of California at Irvine. Burns, who first became interested in PCP when he saw people tripping out on it at a concert at the Oakland Coliseum in 1974 notes that, "One can only speculate, at this point, but I think it is biochemical in nature. The drug probably affects, in some unique way, the neurotransmitters—the chemical processes that allow impulses to travel from one nerve cell to another."

Haight-Ashbury's Dr. Smith agrees. "I don't like to go beyond the evidence," he says, "but the proposed mechanism of the drug's action is the disruption of the proprioceptive, or sensory, impulses from the body which then do not reach the brain." The medical guess is that PCP acts on nerve cells, preventing stimuli from different parts of the body from being correctly processed by the brain.

It has been ascertained that Angel Dust is rapidly taken from the blood and passed out of the body in urine. But perhaps its most disturbing property is that it leaves minute traces in the fatty tissues of the body, including the brain. These remnants become "active" over time periods of differing length, like some malevolent and unpredictable Contac capsule, enabling PCP to have a prolonged effect, in a heavy "duster."

"Chronic users report that it takes as long as two and a half years before they feel normal again," reports Steve Lerner. "During that period they have problems with memory, speech and concentration."

"We can definitely say that the effects among chronic users are prolonged," Dr. Burns attests. "But if it is irreversible, then it is much more serious than we have thought. I suspect the effects are reversible, but it's going to take some more studies to prove."

If what goes on inside the body remains a mystery, objective symptoms and user behavior are readily discernible. Severity of symptoms—the difference between the sought-after "floaty high" and a freak-out—vary in direct relationship to the dosage. But determining dosage is a major problem. Dust can be smoked, eaten, taken in tablet form, injected into veins or muscles, or snorted, and the "duster" rarely knows what or how much he's using—quality control is hardly the underground chemist's strong point.

"One of the problems with dust on the streets is what's pure and how much is how much," points out Stan Blair, a volunteer with the Do It Now Foundation, a drug counseling center in Hollywood. "Analysis," he says, "often shows that one end of a bag is different from the other end of a bag."

Smoking is generally regarded as the safest way to do PCP because the user can best judge how high he is and if he wants more. Of course "pinroll" joints cause another problem: they look like marijuana joints. And although they are usually smaller and have a metallic or chemical taste, many people have had the unpleasant experience of taking several puffs of what they mistook for grass.

A manageable high is delivered by about three to eight milligrams of

PCP—the average dosage of most street preparations—and the observable symptoms of such a low-level dose seem relatively harmless. There is a general "spaciness"; sometimes there are mild problems with perception and coordination; numbness; increased blood pressure; bloodshot eyes; speech may become garrulous.

Sometimes the dosage is dangerously high. A "crystal" joint analyzed in Los Angeles last year contained 161 mg. of PCP. In cases such as this, using phencyclidine is tantamount to playing Russian roulette. Another problem with PCP is that tolerance develops rapidly among steady users. "Within four to five days, people who are using steadily have to increase their dosage to get the same effects," says Lerner. "Some are smoking half a gram without dying, so there's no question about tolerance."

A high-level dose (10–20 mg.) produces some awesome side effects: indifference to pain; sweating and flushing; drooling; distorted vision; bulging eyeballs; and the beginnings of a muscle rigidity that users call "moon walking" or "zombie walking." The user may start speaking very slowly, just grunt, or stop speaking altogether. Time and place become hopelessly confused in the user's mind as the normal mental processes that sort external and internal events are blocked. Thought flow occurs randomly, and the brain literally short circuits, producing a kind of epileptic attack without muscle seizure. There can be intense fear and, notes Lerner, a state that closely resembles sensory deprivation.

With these dosages, the "peak" usually lasts from about 45 minutes to two hours, and the effects begin to wear off in stages. Usually, in about 12 hours users begin to feel normal again, although some report feeling spaced as much as 48 hours later; and because information processing is disturbed by the drug, amnesia may result.

Dosages higher than 20 milligrams will produce seizures or a coma that sometimes lasts a week, and the catatonic posture (or muscular rigidity) can be acute. "I remember seeing a guy at a rock concert being carried away by paramedics," Lerner recalls. "This guy was so stiff he looked like he was being carried on a stretcher, but he wasn't."

Despite the severity of the objective symptoms, deaths from pharmacological overdose are rare; Lerner has uncovered only nine in the Bay area since 1970. Most fatalities involving PCP result from its influence on the user, from what is called behavioral toxicity.

Typically, police will pick up people who have freaked out on PCP and take them to a hospital emergency room. The Metropolitan Police delivered so many "schizophrenics" to St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D.C., that one

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doctor became suspicious, investigated the situation, and found out they had been using dust. Dr. Paul Luisada, director of the Area D Community Mental Health Center, which treats patients from the largely black area of Anacostia, says that during a recent "schizophrenic epidemic," "it was our leading reason for admission"; the hospital was taking in five severe cases a week from an area with a population of 48,000.

"PCP mimics schizophrenic psychosis perfectly," says Luisada. "People are very paranoid, very violent, extremely assaultive. They think they're the devil, they hear voices, they think God is talking to them." Luisada has had to keep patients hospitalized for as long as a month; he has also noticed that some patients come back as *bone fide* psychotics even though they've been off the drug—which leads him to believe that PCP may trigger mental disorders in "prepsychotic" users. "There's no way of telling how the drug is going to act," Luisada says. "It's a very individual reaction."

Dr. Luisada's treatment of what he's beginning to call "phencyclidine psychosis" consists of placing the patient under observation in a "quiet room" with a minimum of stumuli, then sedating them. Dr. Gerald Crary, who runs the emergency room of the L.A. County Hospital, says the ideal treatment for freak-outs is talking them down; but in a busy hospital emergency room there's too little time, and the usual treatment is an injection of tranquilizer or, in exceptionally bad cases, the use of five-point restraints.

"The body is that of a slender, well-developed, adult white female, appearing the stated age of 21 years, weighing 93 pounds, and measuring 61 inches . . ." This is a coroner's report, the details of a life reduced to property inventories and funeral parlor body receipts; it is not pleasant reading, but it is the last chapter in some PCP users' lives. Victims such as these become so disoriented on dust that they forget where they are and step off roofs; or go swimming and breath water. More commonly, they are involved in automobile accidents; or inadvertently step in front of cars; or are shot or knifed or beaten to death.

Roland W. Prahl, chief deputy coroner for Alameda County (California), has seen 36 deaths connected with PCP since 1970. He says that his office does not look for PCP in every case because it is an expensive procedure. In suspicious "trauma" deaths, blood and urine are analyzed, but, he adds, "there are definitely cases that slip through our hands." In Los Angeles, Dr. George Nakamura says, the medical examiner's office found 41 "definite" PCP deaths in 1977 and "we suspect more." In Baltimore, 23 cases have been found since pathologists first began checking two years ago. In many other cities, how-

Precursors, Analogs and the Law

PCP has several unusual characteristics which distinguish it from other illicit drugs: the ease with which it can be synthesized; the availability of precursors (chemicals from which another substance is formed) needed to make it; and the fact that there may be as many as 36 analogs (drugs in the same family) that seem to produce the same psychoactive effects. All of which add to the aura of chaos and mystery surrounding Angel Dust and make law enforcement efforts difficult.

PCP's two basic precursors are piperidine and cyclohexanone, both of which are widely used in industry and can be readily purchased from chemical supply houses. If one were to request the chemicals in combination it might raise eyebrows, so they are often purchased separately, sometimes in Canada or Europe. Sources indicate that the Drug Enforcement Administration is keeping track of sales of both, piperidine in particular; so far neither has been proscribed by law.

Some chemical supply houses insist on identification or verification of the buyer's background, but untraceable piperidine or cyclohexanone is not terribly hard to acquire. Some of the stuff comes from warehouses where drums are reported accidentally "damaged"; or from forged bills of lading; or the chemicals simply get "lost" in the big industrial plants where they are normally used. If a criminal chemist wants to cut down on his overhead, he can sometimes buy a five-gallon drum of piperidine for $425 over-the-counter at one of these warehouses. Some PCP "cooks" are nervous enough to spend up to $1,000 for a kilogram bottle of untraceable piperidine, enough to make roughly 60,000 doses of PCP with a strength of 10 milligrams each. Multiply that by, say, a bargain price of five dollars a hit, and you can see why some chemists would rather be self-employed than work nine-to-five for Dow Chemical.

"We would like to see the precursors made illegal," says Bob Nickoloff, DEA acting special agent in charge of the San Francisco district. "It would knock out the marginal operators and opportunists," says "Ted," a DEA agent working in the field. "Yeah," adds "Ted's" partner, "Joe." "Then they would just start making the precursors, and the field would be left to the professionals."

A California law that's been in effect since January 1977 makes it illegal to possess the two precursors with intent to manufacture PCP, but finding a lab with both precursors and some PCP present—or proving intent—is not easy. Dennis Downum of the Oakland P.D. tells a story about the lab he tried to bust in Oakland last fall: A group of people were arrested with 11 ounces of PCP crystal, but "couldn't be charged for manufacture because one of the precursors was missing."

Analogs of PCP are an alphabet soup of psychoactive drugs: TCP, PCE, PHP and ketamine, to name only a few. Some are known to have the same psychological effects as what is called Angel Dust, but, again, it is unknown how many of the estimated 36 analogs can produce a high in human users. And of all the possible analogs, only TCP has been placed on the DEA's Controlled Substance Schedule, where it is listed as having no medical use and a high potential for abuse. After it was first discovered and identified in San Francisco in 1972, street use of TCP—reputedly *more* powerful than PCP—began to spread; it was made illegal in July 1975.

Another analog was spotted in the Los Angeles area in 1969 and is referred to as the N-ethyl analog, or PCE. PCE was sold on the street, and apparently it has the same disassociative effects as PCP. If animal studies are anything to go by, it is also more powerful than PCP. At the time of this writing, PCE is perfectly legal.

A cousin of PCP is ketamine, currently being used in many hospitals as an operative anesthetic of short duration. Ketamine has also found its way into illicit use, chiefly among members of the medical profession and in elite drug circles in the Hollywood Hills. According to Con Dougherty, DEA public information officer in Washington, there are no criminal sanctions against its use, possession or manufacture other than those which the Food and Drug Administration has on its books.

The more sophisticated "cooks" who are making drugs illegally are well aware of the situation with PCP, its analogs and the statutes that are being enforced. They follow technical literature and changes in the drug laws with the scrupulousness of Talmudic scholars. "They have been in the drug business all their lives," says Tom Ferris, a member of the L.A.P.D. narcotics squad who's been chasing them for years. "If they're not making PCP," Ferris adds, "they'll do something else."

Alex Shulgin, a chemist who's been studying psychoactive drugs for a long time, also notes that the cooks have "an unending line of experimental subjects who, knowingly or unknowingly, can be called on to determine the properties of an unknown drug."● *—P.K.*

ever, no such PCP checks are being run on "unusual" deaths.

In the early 1970s, Hayward, California, became known in drug circles as the "PCP Capital of America." The nickname, like most, fits the myth more snugly than the reality. There *was* a Hell's Angels chapter across the bay from Hayward in Oakland, but Dennis Downum of the nearby Oakland P.D. narcotics division maintains that it's as hard to link the Angels directly to dust as it is to ascertain how many can dance on the head of a pin. "I've never traced a righteous Angel to a PCP deal," Downum says. "They have a franchise on amphetamine, but it's hard to get them on PCP."

Sketchy medical knowledge about PCP has helped perpetuate a variety of myths: PCP causes users to kill and maim; it's made with rocket fuel; it makes you get down on all fours and bark like a dog...or drool like an infant

Although "friends" of the Angels' Oakland chapter were busted last year for selling a pound of crystal, the Angels themselves have lowered their profile. They rarely wear their colors anymore and have gone in for quieter, more subtle criminal activity by buying out a number of Oakland catering firms as fronts for their business. From time to time, other biker gangs around the country have been identified as dust pushers. Sources indicate that people on the periphery of the Pagans Motorcycle Club in Maryland are involved in PCP "cooking." But the stereotyping of PCP as a "biker drug" is a fairly gross exaggeration.

Angels or not, Hayward was pretty gross for a while; dust became so popular that some local grocery stores stopped selling large quantities of parsley for fear that it would be used in crystal (PCP) joints. From as far away as Oregon and Nevada, people came to Hayward's bucolic Weekes Park to join the milling crowds of kids who gathered there in the evenings. Joints were smoked openly; gram bags sold for $20.

What was it about Hayward that made dust so attractive? In a word: nothing. Hayward's streets splay through the usual fast food joints, used-car lots, shopping centers and one-story single-family houses that insult the eye in thousands of towns across the country. Kids with no jobs and few skills hang out and get bored; their parents don't do much better. "The common thread of this drug is a bad family situation," says Chico Marcus of Project Eden, a drug counseling center which has handled some 2,000 PCP freak-outs in Hayward since the drug first appeared there. "The parents are alcoholics, or divorced, or fighting all the time," he says. "So the kids want to get the fuck out of the house, and they use the drug to do that. It crosses cultural lines, racial lines, economic lines."

"It's the same kids that in my generation went out and got drunk on beer and were raising hell," offers Roger Power, a detective with the Hayward P.D. narcotics division.

After four murders in Weekes Park and a series of drownings at nearby Lake Chabot were linked to dust, the cops broke up the scene. Today you can score crystal from kids hanging out at the Tennyson Shopping Center parking lot, or from dealers on Tyrrell Avenue . . . but things aren't like they used to be in Hayward. "There's still a lot of it [dust]," says Detective Power, "but it's not quite as bad as the past. The price shot up, and a lot of kids can't afford it. It's gone from twenty dollars a bag to twenty, twenty-five a joint."

If PCP has outpriced its market in Hayward, it has just begun to burn a hole in other pockets across the country.

- In South Baltimore, the use of "parsley"—sold in film cannisters at $25 a throw—is rampant. "They turn down pot to take flakes," says Tim Schlauch, a street worker with the Carruthers Mental Health Center. "You can't go out with a chick down here without a can of flakes."
- "There's no question it's picking up," says Roy Tansill, a drug counselor in the quiet, tree-lined suburb of Catonsville, Maryland. "Fifteen percent of our clients are now heavy users; we only had about five percent in 1975."
- The Phoenix, Arizona, branch of the Do It Now Foundation reports a rise of PCP use among middle-class white kids, down to the junior high level.
- Hershel Garden, a program analyst with the Wayne County Department of Substance Abuse in Detroit, attributes more than 20 percent of their drug crisis center business to PCP abuse, with 58 cases recorded last March alone—the high mark for 1977.
- In Macomb County, a blue-collar, middle-class area on the outskirts of Detroit, the Substance Abuse Information Center reports that PCP is the drug of choice there, although experimental rather than chronic use is the pattern.
- In Chicago (where it's called "tic" by

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whites and "tac" by blacks, both shorthand for dust's deceptive THC moniker), PCP is "the easiest drug to get on the streets aside from marijuana and alcohol," according to Randy Weber of Alternatives Inc., a drug counseling and information center. He added that a high proportion of drug-induced psychoses reported by psychiatrists in Chicago-area hospitals is caused by PCP use.

- Kim Cutler of Evolution, a community group in the racially and economically mixed northeast Baltimore area, points out that PCP use was once confined to poor white youth, but now has started making inroads in the black communities of the inner city. "There are a lot of people out there running around as goofy as shithouse rats," says Bill Thomas of the Maryland Department of Health and Mental Hygiene. "This is the most dangerous drug on the street, and it's reaching epidemic proportions."

- Los Angeles has seen Angel Dust use for quite some time, but in the past three years seizures have jumped some 2,000 percent to 5.1 million dosage units, according to Mike Guy, a member of the L.A.P.D. narcotics division, and in the first two months of this year 3.8 million units have already been confiscated. "It has become the drug of preference in some high schools, particularly in the black and Chicano communities," says Leslie Bragg, director of Do It Now in Hollywood. "It's taking the place of barbiturates because it's easily obtainable."

- In the largely white communities of the San Fernando Valley, reports show that 10 percent of the kids surveyed call it their preferred drug; another 40–50 percent say they've used it.

Even with the addition of older users to the roster of people who "want to get fucked up on PCP," the majority of users remain out-of-work, mostly male, high school kids. On the other hand, everybody—from former heroin dealers to well-heeled college grads—has been making it.

"If you've got two years of college chemistry and can follow directions, you can make it," says Dr. Smith. The necessary lab equipment is minimal, and recipes for PCP abound in such books as *The Whole Drug Manufacturers Catalog*.

Moreover, PCP has one of the highest profit margins of any drug. The basic chemicals needed for "cooking" a pound run to about $150; it then wholesales for about $16,000. A gram of pure PCP wholesales for about $130. Buffed, or cut, that one pure gram will yield $400 on the street; and with 28 grams in an ounce, and 16 ounces in a pound, a heavily cut pound of PCP now represents $58,000.

The weirdest things about PCP remain beyond the ken of government agencies, psychiatrists, street workers. One must turn to the users themselves.

- Herman, a 42-year-old who hangs out in L.A. and collects welfare checks, says, "I know my memory is shot, and I know it's from Angel Dust. Every time I smoke I'm very paranoid—I want to say that. Pleasure-wise, though, I have, hey, I've enjoyed it. But still I say it's not for people. Animals, fine. But anybody who manufactures this stuff should be behind bars for life."

Will Herman smoke it again? "Sure," he says, "if someone offers it to me."

- Jim, a 29-year-old New Yorker who has moved to San Francisco, used PCP on an occasional basis. "I was suffering from a complete loss of identity," Jim says about his PCP trips. "I had no idea what I was doing. Physically, I was separated from my body. Everything was on a flat surface, like cardboard cut-outs. I was on a roof once, and I felt I could step off the roof with my foot and touch the ground. I couldn't talk; I saw people on the floor like they were dead, but I created this barrier, so it was like watching everything and not being in it."

The Angel Dust depression, widely reported even among light users, is now suspected of leading to psychological dependence. "What they say is that 'I can't stop,' and apparently they have a pretty heavy dependence," says Leslie Bragg. "As in all drug abuse, the psychological effects, the underlying cause of a person's drug use, is really what keeps him strung out and using."

"I don't know," says Steve Lerner. "This drug is so weird. This is the first time I've seen people take a drug, tell me what a horrible experience it is, and then go right back to it. I just don't know why. Nobody does."

One might also ask: Why did William S. sexually attack his daughter? Why did James M. hang himself in jail? How did Patricia J. drown in a shower? Why did Ricky C., a good swimmer, sink like a stone when he jumped into a pool?

Even more baffling are the murders that have been perpetrated by people under the influence of PCP, murders that have provoked disturbing issues in the courtroom. Charles Peters, a chronic PCP user, barged into a stranger's house and stabbed her 22-month-old child to death, then stabbed the woman (who subsequently lost her seven-month-old fetus). Peters then took off his clothes and wandered around the neighborhood covered with blood, shouting, "Hallelujah, I'm Jesus!" Dr. Smith, who testified for the defense, says that "they want to charge first degree murder, which requires premeditation, malice aforethought, and the ability to judge right from wrong—which these people don't have." The jury voted him guilty of second degree murder. Another case involved Barry Braeseke and David Barker. The two teenagers, in an off-the-wall scheme to inherit some money, killed Braeseke's parents and grandfather. Psychologist Lerner, who testified for the defense in that case, blames "hypersuggestibility, which is seen in many chronic users. Defenses you would normally have, where you would maturely deliberate the possible consequences of an action, are all thrown out the window." The jury found the pair guilty of first degree murder.

The PCP story is a labyrinthian one; murder, death and mayhem play only a small part, and there are thousands upon thousands of PCP users who don't go berserk on the stuff. According to Art Stickgold, chairman of the board of directors of the Do It Now Foundation, "It seems clear to me from the number of labs they're closing down that there are, I don't know, maybe 300,000 users in the L.A. and San Francisco areas. Maybe more. And they're not *all* having bad trips."

Stickgold has a point. The hospitals, morgues, shrinks, cops and drug counselors see only the tip of the iceberg—the casualties. The vast majority of "dusters" are "maintaining"—smoking recreationally and in small doses to get the high they want. And there will be more of them, no doubt. Throwing an 18-year-old small-time dealer who uses the drug himself into jail on a first offense is not the way to deal with the PCP problem. Education—factual, calm, and to-the-point—is what's needed right now, especially for parents and judges whose panic is the most immediate—and dangerous—reaction.

In the absence of a spiritual center in America, drugs have become a rite of passage for the country's youth. Some drop by the wayside; some make it through. The question, then, is not what drug it is, but why so many of us want to get fucked up.

As for PCP: A society gets the drug it deserves. ●

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THE WORST YEARS OF OUR LIVES

You lost the war, now see the movie

by Richard Turner

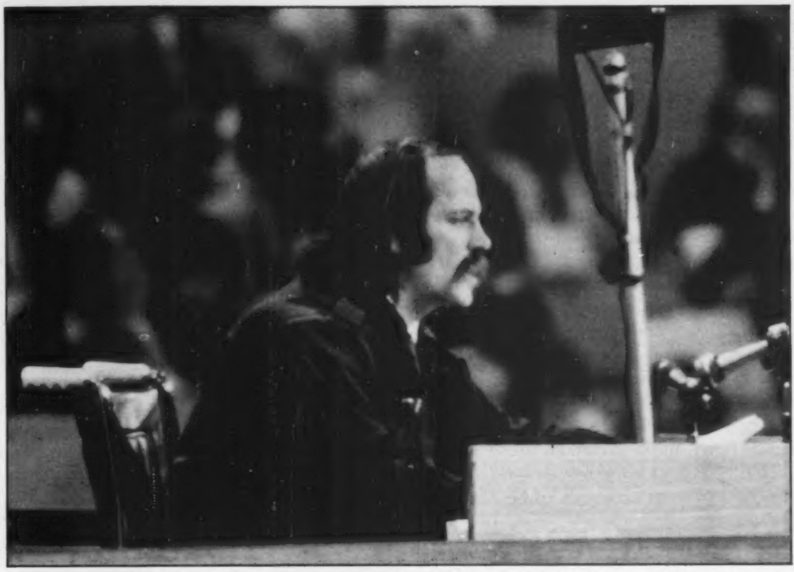
Ron Kovic has seen *Coming Home*, and he likes it OK, but he's got his own idea of how it should have ended. He's on the phone from Santa Monica, and he's in a good mood—the other day some people suggested he run for Congress and *Hustler* asked him to be the first male on their cover. Everything's been going great for the paraplegic veteran since the day his agent called and said, "Quick—jump in a taxi, go to New York. Al Pacino wants to do the story of your life." Now he knows about scripts, and he knows what the makers of *Coming Home* should have done with theirs. "I don't know any vets who committed suicide by going skinny-dipping in the ocean," he says.

Jane Fonda, who, with her colleagues, has already *made* the end of *Coming Home*, is riding pretty high herself. Not like several years ago. People wouldn't listen to her then, any more than they used to listen to Kovic. But now *Coming Home*'s out with a splash, she's finished *Comes a Horseman* with James Caan, and she's working on an anti-nuclear energy movie called *Power*. And though getting nominated for an Oscar for *Julia* isn't exactly the biggest event in her life, it'll help her career, her political movie projects and her husband Tom Hayden's Campaign for Economic Democracy.

NANCY ELLISON/SYGMA

TEDDY THAI/TIME-SYGMA

For some people, the last decade may not have counted for much, but for these two it's been eons, Light Years. In



COLUMBIA PICTURES

1968, Jane Fonda's latest movie was *Barbarella.* While she was living in Europe and married to Roger Vadim, Ron Kovic was a soldier in Vietnam about to get the nerves in his legs blown away. A few years later, they had become two of the most dramatic symbols of the ambivalent feelings Americans had about the Vietnam War. Fonda, on the Fuck the Army tour, agitating; Kovic, wheeling through the streets of Miami in anger in 1972, spit on, thrown out of the Republican convention hall. People wanted to look at Kovic about as much as they wanted to parachute into Da Nang. Guilt is too frail a word for the reaction he conjured up—what average American could look him in the eye and call him wrong? That he was eloquent didn't really matter. All he had to do was sit there, legs paralyzed, and the point was made.

But Fonda—she was Kovic's photographic negative. As fiercely as they wanted to avert their eyes from Kovic, they wanted to confront Hanoi Jane—stare her down, look at her body, cut her tongue out, have her officially declared *persona non grata.* What was guilt and pain with Kovic was blind lusty rage with Fonda, sometimes from the left as well as the right.

Today, in 1978, they've come home. They're respectable now, central figures in one of the most massive explosions of single-theme gambling in the history of Hollywood—Vietnam movies. And through the looking glass of the movies, they switch roles.

Jane Fonda's ending to *Coming Home* is quiet, understated, dignified. She sometimes argued for a harder line on the war, but she backed out of almost every fight. "They're going to be looking for that from you," her producer would say. "You get up on a soapbox, and we'll sink like a rock."

So the ending of *Coming Home* is, in the producer's words, about "will, determination and the ability to cope . . . This is not a film with a negative bias, it's not about despair. We just wanted to show someone functioning normally at the end." *Coming Home* is a movie with a plan. It's extremely powerful, but it's designed to instruct people about the war while making them breathe easier about it, stop blotting it out, perceive the period as a time of growth for the country. It's upbeat.

Ron Kovic calls this "weak."

"I would have had [the character of the returned veteran] in a sports car driving about 90 miles an hour down the freeway, you know; and just when people think he's going to crash he reaches into the glove box and takes out a .45 and blasts his brains out, with the car bursting into flames all over the highway."

So both Jane Fonda and Ron Kovic know what a long way it is from the body bag to the box office. But the Indochina War—slumped and muddied,

RICHARD HOWARD/CAMERA 5

Hollywood, home of the brave: Robert DeNiro (bottom left) in *The Deerhunter;* Jon Voight (upper left), Hollywood's noblest vet, in *Coming Home;* Ron Kovic is finally recognized (above) at Democratic Convention; *The Boys in Company C* let loose their rounds

FRANK EDWARDS/FOTOS INTERNATIONAL

zipped in canvas for years—has finally made it. In a series of releases that run the gamut from MGM to DMZ, Hollywood has decided that after all this time people are willing to leave their homes and pay good money to relive an experience commonly thought to be so nightmarish and bewildering, so painful and guilt-ridden, that no self-respecting American would bring it up, much less expect to be "entertained" by it.

Upcoming motion pictures include:

Apocalypse Now has been, in the readying, a minor war of its own. And an expensive one—to come up with the $25.5 million spent so far, Francis Coppola had to mortgage much of his assets. During the months spent shooting in the Philippines, the cast weathered a typhoon, an earthquake and a tumultuous relationship with both the Philippine government and the Pentagon. Coppola describes it as a "high epic adventure." The film is based on Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* and will star Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall and Martin Sheen. It's finally slated for "this fall."

The Deer Hunter is about several men and women from the steel towns of the Ohio River Valley, one of whom (played by Robert DeNiro) returns to Vietnam to search for a friend. Director Michael Cimino spent $12.5 million, much of it filming in Thailand. Again, they'd walk to their set and find it waist-deep in monsoon waters; for scenes like the fall of Saigon, filmed in Bangkok, they used thousands of extras. The film is due in late 1978.

Dog Soldiers is from Robert Stone's National Book Award-winning novel of the same name about drug running from Vietnam. A United Artists executive called it "a contemporary version of *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*." Nick Nolte, Tuesday Weld and Michael Moriarty will star in Karel Reisz' film.

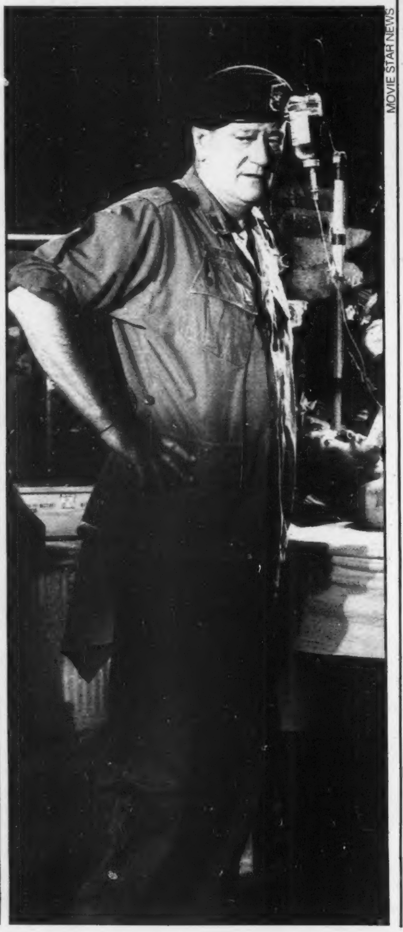
Born on the Fourth of July, from Kovic's book, was purchased by producer Marty Bregman for Al Pacino. Shooting starts next month, and the filmmakers hope to go on location in Kovic's hometown of Massapequa, Long Island, at the Miami convention center, at boot camp on Parris Island, and in the Mexican bordellos Kovic frequented during his more difficult periods of adjustment. Oliver Stone, a veteran who was shot twice, the second time five days before Kovic himself was hit, wrote the script. The Vietnam scenes will be filmed on Jeckel Island, off the Georgia coast. Daniel Petrie will direct, with a budget set at $5–7 million.

Go Tell the Spartans concerns the pre-escalation of the war, when there were 20,000 American "military advisers" in Vietnam. The story, taken from a 1966 Vietnam novel, *Incident at Muc Wa* by Daniel Ford, has a group of these advisers, led by Burt Lancaster, defending an outpost for what emerges to be no reason.

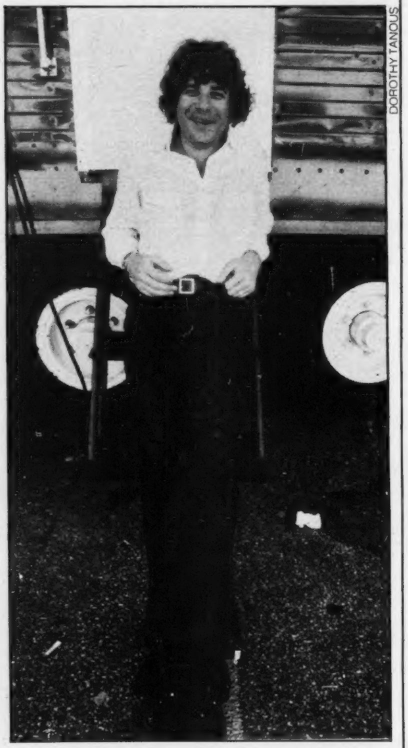
C.D.B. Bryan's *Friendly Fire*, about the death of an Iowa recruit resulting from military ineptitude and its effects on his family, has been acquired by ABC television. They plan a four-hour mini-series.

Philip Caputo's account of life as a Marine in Vietnam, *A Rumor of War*, is in the hands of CBS.

NBC director of motion pictures Deena Kramer says, "We have three [Vietnam movies], but they will deal with love stories. People searching for husbands and stuff like that, as opposed to the war itself." One, *Reach for Love*, concerns an MIA wife returning to search for her husband. "The scripts have always been around here," Kramer says, "but now *Heroes* has opened it up. Now we're allowed to empathize with these people; but now that we're in a different market—television, which is mostly women—we have to focus on different stuff."



MOVIE STAR NEWS



DOROTHY TANOUS

Paramount is "seriously considering acquiring" James Kirkwood's *Some Kind of Hero*.

And, of course, there's *The Boys in Company C* and *Heroes*, which are out already and a bit lost in the clamor over *Coming Home*. *Heroes* has been quietly making money with TV's Henry Winkler playing a veteran; *Company C* has no big stars, but its early grosses show it's "holding its own," according to director Sidney J. Furie.

Twentieth-Century Fox is one of the few companies which is letting the stampede thunder by without them. Assistant for creative ideas Blair Townsend says, "The main reason for not getting involved is because there are so many things coming up. There are so many out there that we've decided not to compete."

An astonishing amount of money and reputation has been put on the line, presumably on the assumption that Vietnam is bankable. You'd expect other filmmakers to be watching *Coming Home* like hawks—the first big Vietnam movie. And *Coming Home* is indeed a Vietnam

WIDE WORLD

movie: a triangle involving three American victims of the war. Two of them, through their growing opposition to it, survive and even learn from the experience. The third, who does not have the opportunity to come to terms with his feelings about the war, is devoured by the era's undertow.

But the Hollywood money people are careful. With these tremendous stakes riding, they don't want to show their cards yet. It's not that they're right-wingers, but they don't want to admit, always, that theirs is a war story, or that anybody else's is, either. It may be 1978, 13 years after Johnson's escalations, 10 years after Tet, 5 years after the Christmas bombing, but to them the market won't be right until the public approves—and it's still early. Since they can always control how a film is "packaged," even from city to city, they'll hedge their bets.

Coming Home studio man Mike Medavoy (who has since left his position as West Coast production chief for United Artists) argues, "I always felt that this was not a Vietnam movie. The movie happens to take place at a certain time, but it's by no means a war story. It's not *The Green Berets*. It's a story about people." (Just so we know it's not *Benji*.)

Apocalypse Now marketing director Lee Beaupré claims he isn't looking at *Coming Home* to test the waters, because none of the films, including his, are Vietnam pictures. "We're not more than marginally interested in *Coming Home* or *The Boys in Company C*. One isn't being sold as a Vietnam picture but as a love story, and *The Boys in Company C* is being sold as a militaristic sort of thing, a comedy/drama. We never assumed that there was any link—the terms of our film are very dissimilar. *Apocalypse Now* does not deal with Vietnam as a direct political question. It does not express the pros and cons of being in Vietnam. It's become a good deal broader than that. That's not an evasion—it's set in Vietnam, and it deals with Vietnam. But *Apocalypse Now* is a good deal more physical than these others, more of an . . . " (one can hear the market researching wheels whirring) ". . . more of an action/adventure film."

As one might expect, these cautious labels don't come off the tops of corporate heads—they are the results of exhaustive public testing. Typically, the most apocalyptic example comes from Francis Coppola, who hired President Carter's pollster, Pat Caddell, and his media adviser since the '76 campaign, Gerald Rafshoon, to survey "why people went to the movies and what their feelings were about the war." What sets Caddell's mammoth study in a class above other mammoth studies is the effect it's expected to have on the film itself. When Caddell gave Coppola his study, almost a year ago, Coppola hadn't finished the picture (he still hasn't). Not only has he had the benefit of calculating his bone-crushing risks by strategizing how the film will be presented and sold, but he's been able to use the survey results to help him edit his picture as well.

The results have been a closely guarded secret, but the gist of Caddell's advice was this: though people still regard the war as a very bad experience to look back on, they remain interested in learning the reasons for it. They still do not understand, so they are curious. Beyond that, Caddell assured Coppola

WIDE WORLD

The left, the right and the apocalyptic: Bert Schneider and Peter Davis (far upper left) have just wired The Enemy; John Wayne and *The Green Berets* have just wiped out The Enemy; Bruce Gilbert's (upper left) nursing *Coming Home;* Francis Ford Coppola's (above) just mortgaged his home for *Apocalypse Now;* Jane Fonda's turned her back on *Airport* (right)—and all for a Just Peace that "it is mostly young people who go to the movies, and the Vietnam War is only vague in their minds."

What, then, of the film's politics? (The picture was, after all, written with John Milius, one of Hollywood's famous hawks.) "Coppola's trying to do what he did with *The Godfather*," says Pat Caddell. "Not to have a movie that takes an extreme point of view at either end, but one that's an experience that touches a lot of different levels all at once."

Television surveys, which reach a far larger and older audience, have been more pessimistic about Vietnam. TV has a process called "concept testing," which takes short summaries of plot ideas and tests them on human guinea pigs. "No one was interested in Vietnam projects," says an NBC spokesperson. "It seemed like an uncomfortable thing for people."

With the public winds blowing in so many directions, *Coming Home*'s ad campaign is about as militant as a Hallmark card— Muzak swirls, wispy lovers and windblown hair, some hint of a wheelchair . . . *The Other Side of the Mountain?* "My feeling is get 'em into the theaters," says one of *Coming Home*'s more political creators. "They'll get it once they're in there."

Whether or not *Coming Home*'s strong early returns from New York and Los Angeles will hold up in Omaha and Little Rock, the hype factor is working itself out with all the earmarks of a somewhat qualified mass success: "*Julia*-type grosses," optimistic observers predict. The highbrow critics (Kael, Sarris, Canby) attack the film, while Charles Champlin, Rex Reed and Gene Shalit virtually command people to see it. The stars wow the mainstream talk shows ("Well, Miss Fonda, were you right or were you right?" Embarrassed shrug. "Was she right, studio audience?" Wild applause.) Nixon went to China. Now Jane Fonda goes to Middle America.

In the late 1960s, when the country was still on the verge of madness, the moment let loose a torrent of films like *Easy Rider* and *Midnight Cowboy* that were "about" Vietnam in some obviously subliminal way—they questioned the kind of values that put us in Vietnam, found analogies. It was a glorious period for the movies. But there was nothing up-front about the War—it was Coming Soon At No Theater Near You.

It wasn't entirely a fear of "ideology," though many Hollywood magnates talk of reading scripts and rejecting them because they were strident or rhetoric-filled. One believes them when they say the vast majority of these scripts were also pretty crummy. Yet even solid, filmable screenplays about the War weren't completing the trek to celluloid.

"They're chickenshit," David Halberstam says of the Hollywood studio chiefs. "They were probably covert

FONDA: 'I AM NOT MORE RESPECTABLE'

by Joel Kotkin

One does not have a conversation with Jane Fonda; one receives statements. Speaking in a confusing first person plural, she sounds almost as if she, her husband, Tom Hayden, and their friend and *Coming Home* producer, Bruce Gilbert, were an American Gang of Three. But that is only because the fire of conviction in Fonda has not gone out. Interviewing her on the set of her new anti-nuclear picture, *Power*, one could hardly escape the fact that Fonda is still struggling, often successfully, for the radical ideas others seem ashamed to talk about these days. Here's Fonda, over a cup of pea soup, in her mobile dressing room:

Fonda: I think that every movie is political. My interpretation of political might be different from yours. I think movies are political in the sense that they affect our consciousness, the way we feel about ourselves, the way we view our place in society; and it can either be done in a reactionary, negative way, or in a positive, progressive way . . . and I think that this is a movie that moves people. It hardly deals with Vietnam too much, I regret.

Kotkin: A lot of the people in the studios that I've talked to say that the success of *Coming Home* is because it was such a good love story and not because of what it says about the war.

F: Yeah. Because there's a lot of good love stories, you know what I mean? The reason why the love story affects people so deeply I think is because of the context in which we played it out. You can't avoid the fact that the guy is crippled, and that he's crippled because he was in Vietnam, and that she is having an extramarital relationship and that her husband is in Vietnam and is going crazy. And this love story is more effective because we don't remove it from its social context and because you don't expect it to happen.

K: But why has it taken Hollywood so long to get around to dealing with Vietnam as a dramatic background?

F: I don't think that people were ready to, and I still think a lot of people aren't ready to, accept a movie that is very clear about the position that it takes on the war.

K: Is that the public or the studios or both?

F: The public. The studios don't care. The studios would finance a movie about the client of the movie studios if it meant making money for them. They're not ideological.

K: You know that NBC said they actually did testing on a Vietnam pilot with people and found they weren't interested; and that just changed in the last 2 or 3 years and I wonder why there is a change in a willingness to accept Vietnam-oriented material.

F: I think because of Watergate, because of the growing disillusionment and the negative attitude that people have in the face of big business and large government agencies like the Pentagon. People are much more willing to say, that's right, it was wrong, we were manipulated, we were lied to. I think that the level of people's ability to refuse to accept a government line as the truth is going to make it easier for them to see movies about Vietnam that are more real. I think *Coming Home* is going to be a huge hit.

K: And the one that you're working on now? (*Power*, an anti-nuclear energy story, with Fonda and Jack Lemmon)

F: It's a hot movie. It's good. We can't talk about it, but it's hot.

K: Why is that?

F: 'Cause it's not in our interest.

K: Financially?

F: No, we don't want people to know anything about it.

K: To build up suspense.

F: No, we just want to be left alone. Just the way we did during *Coming Home*. Because, you know, I think generally the attitude towards myself at least when we began to shoot, I think, was, "Oh God, Fonda, and Gilbert are doing a movie about Vietnam; well we know what this is going to be"—your basic anti-war message film and it'll be filled with rhetoric and anti-soldier; it's going to be talking down to, or being hostile to, soldiers who fought the war. One thing that I hope will come out of this, besides the general impact of the movie, is that we were far from hostile towards the men who fought the war. They are the victims of this war.

K: Do you see the eighties as becoming a period of filmmaking that might be more socially conscious?

F: Things are going to be moving so fast in the eighties as the economic crisis escalates and people are in the streets. Hollywood is going to be hard put to keep up with what will be going on.

K: You can make a movie because of who you are, but do you think there's going to be a time when the major motion picture companies owned by multinationals and banks will try to stop that?

F: The rising cost of going to a movie includes not just the price of the ticket but parking, transportation, childcare, fear of people being raped on the way to the movies. All of these are encouraging people to stay home and watch television. The writing is on the wall. There will be paid television, cable television. Satellites. The whole role of the motion picture studios is going to probably be changed. I have a certain amount of power because of who I am. We can build a company that will finance, produce and distribute motion pictures with or without the major studios in the 1980s.

K:Why are there so few female stars?

F:Because there're so few good roles. We had to fight to get "Julia." We had to fight to get any of the roles that I've done in the last few years with good women's roles. They're just not around.

K:What do you think causes the lack of good written material?

F:I think it has to do with the nature of American culture. For the most part, you have writers who can write very good, sort of psychologically-oriented stories about individual people kind of in limbo. There are very few writers who know how to place those stories in a broader context without them becoming political tracts—writers who have real vision and scope. Hollywood doesn't look for those kind of pieces.

F:Why aren't there more good writers? Because too many of you care about money.

K:Well, you have to live.

F:Yeah, but we've got people working with us that earn $125 a week. We have to go out beyond the Hollywood writers and find young people who aren't in it for money, who don't care about getting the $100 versus $500 a week so long as they can survive and are in touch with what's happening.

K:Kid, it's not easy to survive on $100 a week these days. I've done it.

F:It's not easy, but it depends on what your interests are. You know it's fine for me to talk. I'm sitting here in a mobile home and I'm earning a six-figure salary for that. And I understand what the problems are, but I don't keep my money for myself. I'm glad I'm earning money because I can put it into the organization.

K:Do you think in a large sense it is a question of how much of it is the corporate domination of society? Is there any strategy that you see in the movie industry beyond your own company?

F:We can't lay out a blueprint right now but believe me we recognize that the time has come to develop a proposal for a new Hollywood and a new television.

It is a reflection of the broader economy. And you know, we have solutions to the broader economy. We know it has to do with more democratic control of large corporations. It means that independent producers and independent movie theater exhibitors should be represented on the boards of directors of large corporations that run the studios. It requires organization, it requires mobilizing large numbers of people whose lives are directly affected.

K:Ultimately, tell me if I'm wrong, what you're saying is a drastic social change is necessary for a drastic change in Hollywood. In other words, any change in Hollywood would have to be part and parcel of a change in the society.

F:Yeah.

K:And your film company would be sort of in a good position to deal with that?

F:Well, we see ourselves as vanguard cultural workers who are going to make movies that do both things—successful commercially but saying to people: there are alternatives. You know people are basically good. People can change. You will never see us make a cynical movie, ever.

K:When you look back on the things you did in the past, do you view them with understanding or are you ever ashamed of the things you did?

F: There is no question about the fact that I could spend a lot of time feeling ashamed or whatever, but that's not useful. You know, I'm not dumb. I'm not a bad person. I'm like most people, sort of average. I was a product of the fifties, when no one questioned anything. You've got to have movements, you've got your visionaries and your saints. My husband, I think, is an example of one; Martin Luther King, Cesar Chavez, Malcolm X and others.

K:Do you think that Hollywood was more benign in the past? Like when your father was. . . .

F:Oh no, in my father's heyday, people who felt the way I did were destroyed. Nixon, Nixon who built up the whole McCarthy era just wiped people out, whether it was Charlie Chaplin—who had to leave the country—to any number of writers, directors, actors who were blacklisted, for doing a lot less than what I've done.

K:Do you feel that the general public is beginning to understand and is relating to you better than they did, say, five years ago?

F:Oh, they're relating, they're friendly. It doesn't mean that they understand better. I think that there has been much too much emphasis on the return to respectability of Jane Fonda. I am not more respectable. I am not returning to any kind of respectability. I fear this tendency. Because I think that it's another—again the American media using people like me to create the impression that things are O.K. Isn't it great. You know, she's come to her senses and she is now respectable and all of these damn liberals who never did anything to end the war are now sending me telegrams saying, "Oh it's wonderful. The movie was so great." Where were they during the war? And where is their understanding right now that the Vietnam War may have ended, but we're selling jet planes to Saudi Arabia. We're supporting people in Iran that cut peoples heads off. We can't feed our own or educate our own or house our own, or give decent medical care to our own in this country. You know what I mean? You did an article on this stuff (*NT*: February 6). Why are they putting my face and Dylan's face and this one and that one on the covers of these magazines? I mean, if they put the people who should be on the covers, unemployed black youth in Watts on covers, then those black youth begin to say to themselves, "Maybe I matter." And then, once the Watts youth begin to feel that they matter, Watts is going to erupt. So you guys are—and I'm not doing anything to stop it, it's true—using entertainment—taking advantage of the fact that people aren't thinking politically—to plaster entertainers all over your magazines to sell your magazines. And we agree to that to sell our movies—to confuse people about dealing with what's real. You know what I mean.

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doves, but there are two reasons it took so long for a Vietnam picture to get made. A: They're chickenshit. And B: There's no money in it . . . The only movie that was ever really made was the one John Wayne had the guts to make. It took guts to make that movie. He had the courage of his convictions, which is more than you can say of those chickenshits in Hollywood. At least Wayne did something."

What Wayne did in *The Green Berets* was shoot the only fictional Vietnam film ever made on location. (*Deer Hunter* writer/director Cimino says that it once occurred to him to try this "in a moment of delirium," but he doubted that a major film could now get insured for it.) Wayne had the full cooperation of the military; and despite the fact that he ended the film with the sun setting somewhat inscrutably over the South China Sea—which is *east* of Vietnam—the picture made $17 million. The reaction in Europe was somewhat less friendly—students in Bordeaux tore down the marquee of a theater which had the nerve to show the Duke's ode to the conflict.

The Green Berets was released in 1968. Soon thereafter, consciousness of the war rose, and the odds of putting Vietnam into movies fell. In 1971, *The Boys in Company C* started making the rounds as an idea—an actual combat movie like *Berets*. "Everyone said, 'No Vietnam,'" says writer/director Sidney J. Furie. "I'd talk to people and they'd say, 'Not now, not now.'"

Wendell Mayes' script for *Go Tell the Spartans* was "turned down at every studio in town." It was written in 1970 and is only now printed and ready to roll, saved by private investors. "The critical response was marvelous," Mayes recalls. "Very gratifying from everybody who got the script. They loved it. But you know, everyone wants to make money with pictures, and they were in the middle of the protest movement and they thought it wouldn't sell. Ideology has nothing to do with it. If they thought an anti-Vietnam movie would have made money, they would have made it, believe me."

The first people to break the barrier were, perhaps aptly, the people who produced *Easy Rider*. After *Rider*'s astounding success, Bert Schneider, Bob Rafelson and Steve Brauner wiggled a multi-picture production deal out of Columbia Pictures (Schneider had heavy relatives at the studio). *Five Easy Pieces* followed, then *King of Marvin Gardens, The Last Picture Show*. Schneider's last experiment was to be an all-out documentary on Vietnam in 1974, *Hearts and Minds*.

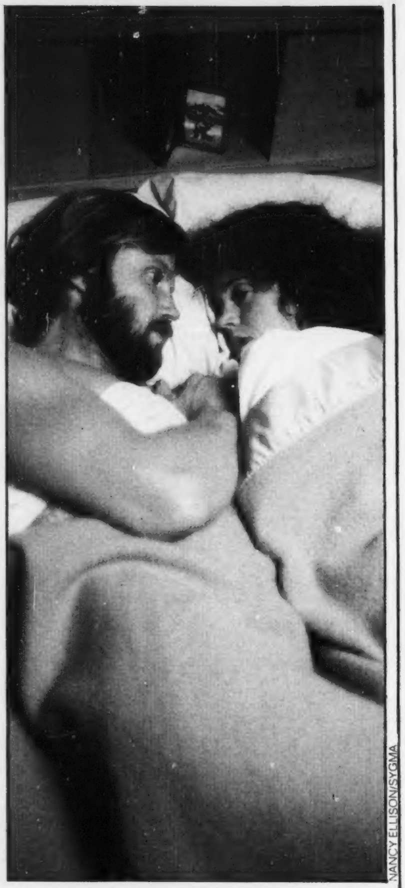
Schneider and director Peter Davis (of CBS' *The Selling of the Pentagon*) could never have anticipated the furor they would cause. Angry audiences trashed theaters in various cities, and several theater owners dropped the film after threats of reprisal boycotts. Columbia reneged on the deal and refused to distribute the picture; only a last-minute bail-out by private money enabled the producers to find another distributor. Schneider read a telegram from Viet Cong officials during the Academy Award ceremony the night *Hearts and Minds* won an Oscar; and Frank Sinatra and Bob Hope did a coronary duet. Walt Rostow got a temporary injunction against the film for a scene in which he'd made an ass out of himself. (Question: "Why were we there [in Vietnam]?" Rostow: "That's a goddam silly question.") After the air had cleared, the powerful images of napalmed babies and devastated villages interspersed with scenes of war-touched families and football in America flickered to near-empty theaters. Perhaps it was, as a *Coming Home* creator said, that "*Hearts and Minds* made people feel guilty."

In 1978, Peter Davis understands the pitfalls of inducing guilt. He is currently writing a book about a town in the Midwest, unable to raise money for the documentaries he wants to make. "I don't think our country has really come to terms with the Vietnam experience. It's very hard to do that; and a movie that's just going to make people feel guilty is bound to fail, like a German author trying to make all older Germans feel responsible. People can't stand that."

COLUMBIA PICTURES

Davis quotes theatrical producer David Merrick as saying, "If a show of mine is a flop, I close it. That's what LBJ ought to do with that war. " Back in the old days, Davis says, "Everyone felt badgered by Vietnam. The government badgered them one way, the antiwar movement badgered them the other. The proof that Vietnam was a colonial war is really that people wanted to look the other way. Nobody wanted to hear about this war—they wanted to get in and win it in a hurry, or else they didn't want to be there in the first place. But people didn't even want to *talk* about it."

So *Hearts and Minds* was buried—"controversial," well reviewed and little seen, particularly by the people between the two coasts and away from the campuses. Who could blame them? Nobody understood what the war was about, and though Watergate supplied one cathartic explanation—that the government was capable of simply lying to cover up its mistakes or misdeeds—this still didn't explain our awful potential for ravaging a small country. Or explain the war to men who went willingly, or to people who tried to take in stride the fact that their husbands and brothers and sons were being killed for no apparent reason. Never mind the fact that this whole experience was starting to make their children act bizarre. And the men who came back wouldn't even talk about it with their wives, though it was clear they'd witnessed something monstrous.


NANCY ELLISON/SYGMA

War Stars: Stalled for years were *The Boys in Company C* (left) and *Coming Home* (above), the script for which went through several lives

"There's a limit to how much people felt they could absorb at a time," says David Halberstam. "The war had played too long on television; they'd seen all they could see." To many, contrition wasn't a very effective way of coping with it—hand-wringing over Vietnamese peasants just wouldn't serve. Obviously many people were unwilling to go to Washington and yell "Fuck the War" with a bunch of longhairs. So the trick was to blot it out for want of an explanation. Try to repress the whole cursed thing.

This is where culture is supposed to step in, to purge these devils by naming them. But the voluminous (and often brilliant) literature on the subject was doomed to a limited market. Sometimes it seemed as if it just reached people who wanted to discover why they had been "right" in opposing the war. It takes large-scale operations to ease the confusion of the vast majority of people. Television would zip out an account of the Manson murders or the Entebbe raid before the headlines were even dry, but on Vietnam—except for the relentless drone of the news broadcasts, which merely built up the pressure before fading away—it was silent. Enter, belatedly, the movies.

In 1972 and 1973, Jane Fonda was thinking of leaving motion pictures altogether. The antiwar movement was drawing all her energy: This was the time when the Indochina Peace Campaign was growing out of some courses Tom Hayden was teaching around Los Angeles. A year or so before, up in Berkeley to make *Steelyard Blues*, Fonda had enrolled her daughter Vanessa in Blue Fairyland, a progressive, cooperative nursery school. One of its founders was antiwar activist Bruce Gilbert. It was to be Gilbert who, with Fonda, started the film company IPC, its initials taken from the antiwar organization. A Peace Campaign to make movies.

"She couldn't quite get it up to do *Airport*," Gilbert remembers. "We had the idea of forming a production company to test the limits of filmmaking in Hollywood. Ever since *Easy Rider*, the old formulas for hit films were out the window. You could tell that just by the frequency with which studio heads were being replaced. Films were beginning to catch up with the stages of change in the culture." With Fonda's name, and a little luck, they could make "serious movies." "I don't mean serious, grim," Gilbert says—"sometimes comedies are the best way to get points across—but films that are about ideas even though they're entertaining, but not for entertainment's sake. Films that don't have some ideological motivation are pretty shallow."

"We were sitting around one night," Bruce Gilbert says, he and Fonda, when they had the idea for *Coming Home*. It was 1973. "Nixon was determined to manipulate the nature of the war to hide what really happened . . . We felt that there would be a cultural battlefront in the future to determine what the lessons of the war were . . . Then Jane and I sat down and defined it more. We wanted a home front story. With all due respect to Francis Coppola, we felt we couldn't go to the Philippines to recreate Vietnam, with Filipinos playing Vietnamese. Culturally we could never do that and portray them correctly." This idea, he says, was assigned to a

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former production manager for the F.T.A. tour, Nancy Dowd.

"Bullshit," says Dowd. She is very angry. "The idea of the home front was something *I* had. The idea is based on *my* life, *my* friends, *my* experiences. I approached *Fonda* about it . . . I think *she* wanted to make a movie about a woman reporter who goes to Vietnam, a kind of Frankie FitzGerald type, someone who stalks around the jungle in attractive clothes. That's kind of what they *did* make, actually. . . "

Coming Home producer Jerome Hellman calls Nancy Dowd's original script, *Buffalo Ghost*, "unfilmable," and says that it was impossible to find support for the script until Waldo Salt had completely rewritten it—which partially accounted for the five-year delay between the germ of the idea and its culmination.

And back and forth and back and forth. Dowd (who has since become successful with *Slapshot* and has two scripts for Paramount yet unmade) finally took her case to the Writers' Guild's arbitration process and won story credit. Her script did contain all the major characters, though set with non-coms rather than officers, and in South Dakota rather than California; the bare bones are there, but little of the dialogue.

Five years ago Jane Fonda, Bruce Gilbert and Nancy Dowd were friends. So much for peace and harmony. Hollywood was never supposed to be Woodstock anyway. The process of moviemaking is a notoriously warlike one, all massive mobilizations. For every project that wins over its thousand enemies, hundreds get massacred, from within or without. *Buffalo Ghost* will never be made (Dowd claims that several studios which she refused to name expressed interest in it), but it's not because some Big Bad Hollywood magnates refused to touch Vietnam.

For *Coming Home*, the not-nows not-nows were from the inside. The makers were carefully lining up the right people, the names that close deals. "Without Jane Fonda," Furie says, "it would have been Goodbye Charlie. We know Jane Fonda sells tickets, and without that star it would never have gotten going."

John Schlesinger had originally been signed to direct the film—he had worked with producer Hellman on *Midnight Cowboy* and *The Day of the Locust*—but when he bowed out because he didn't think an Englishman should tangle with so American a subject, it was a big blow to the project's momentum. The creators approached Pacino, Nicholson and Stallone for the part Jon Voight eventually got and were turned down by all three, another blow. By this time Fonda was a top-flight star again, and, after a fight, Voight and Bruce Dern got the male leads. But names were crucial: "If Robert Redford had said he wanted to make a Vietnam picture," says Gilbert, "and the cost was right, a studio would have made the picture."

But to sign a contract, the major parties had to take deferments in salaries in exchange for "points"—percentages of the future take. They weren't on strong enough footing, either, to hold off the studio's deadlines about when they'd have to start shooting. So they went ahead with a script that no one was happy with, and they ended up writing the picture as they went along. "I give the actors credit for 80 percent of the dialogue," director Hal Ashby says.

Even though this was no Altman-style let's - get - high - and - shoot - this - scene spontaneity-by-design, it meant winging it, and constant political arguments over how to play the scenes. There'd be a scene where Fonda and Voight, the paraplegic, were supposed to be just sitting in front of a fireplace. While the

NANCY ELLISON/SYGMA

STEVE SCHAPIRO/SYGMA

MEMORY SHOP

The Psycho-vet Syndrome (home, home and deranged): Bruce Dern's latest broken soldier incarnation in *Coming Home* (above); Henry Winkler, dragged away, another mental casualty, in *Heroes;* Dern's most famous mad-dog soldier creation, in *Black Sunday* scene was being readied, Voight would remember something about death cycles in Vietnamese culture. Fonda, inbetween quick phone calls organizing political events, would pick up on it—she had all the information. Ashby would say, "Let's try it." He'd shoot Fonda saying it. He'd shoot Voight saying it. Finally, he'd just shoot the scene with nobody talking. Cut and print. There is nothing about Vietnamese culture in the film.

"We were not able to do everything that we wanted to do," says Fonda. "I would have liked to have seen the movie much more rooted in the Tet Offensive [1968] period in Vietnam. It was only hinted at. But we just couldn't find a way to do it that wouldn't come across as laying a message on people."

This was nothing compared to the end. The script had the Dern-veteran character freaking out, rounding up hostages and taking to the hills—with guns and combat and helicopters and a final grand crash into the freeway. (This psycho-vet routine didn't please Dern much. He thinks he's getting labeled. "I'm not gonna pick up a gun unless it's on the right side of the law," he says.) Ashby, and finally everyone, agreed to tone the ending way down.

If they hadn't toned it down, it would have been Ron Kovic's ending, Ron Kovic, who says his own picture won't be afraid of "stepping on toes" like *Coming Home* but will be "fiercely antiwar, more fiercely antiwar than any of these movies about Vietnam." Of course five years ago Jane Fonda and Bruce Gilbert and Nancy Dowd said that, when *Coming Home* was more a wish to express antiwar feelings than it was a motion picture.

Did they sell out? After all that time and all those compromises and all the Hollywood machinations, did they only come up with windblown hair and nostalgic blubber? Well, for a war that reached Americans through the media before fading off, leaving us hanging, no dramatic resolution, why can't there be two endings: the blood and shit and screaming, yes, but first—and this is the genius of *Coming Home*—something quieter. It's fitting that the first important Hollywood picture about Vietnam, the one to lay the ground for all the others, be different. To look back on the war and celebrate the good things learned from it, the tolerance and the wisdom and the critical eye and even—if you want to go the whole way with *Coming Home*—better sex.

A quotation that used to float around the set of *Coming Home* a lot, a Ron Kovic saying, was, "I've lost my body, but I've regained my mind." Now that *Coming Home* has devenomized the snake bite of Vietnam, perhaps we're ready for Kovic's authentic vision of a smashed sports car and burning brains on the highway. ●

GUNS & BUTTERED POPCORN

Hollywood reels in the war

by Richard Corliss

I was entertainin' a little girl up in my
rooms, Lord
With California wines and French perfumes, Lord!
She started to talk to me 'bout the War,
Lord
I said I don't wanna talk about the War.
—Randy Newman,
"Lover's Prayer" (1970)*

These days, everybody wants to talk about the War. And why not? It's the tenth anniversary of the most traumatic year of international and internal strife in U.S. history. On the pop charts of memorable years, 1968 is No. 1 (with a bullet). Just this month alone, alumni can commemorate Gene McCarthy's "victory" in the New Hampshire primary (March 12), President Johnson's strategic withdrawal from electoral politics (March 31) and the My Lai massacre (March 16). The tone of the memoirs and the editorials is elegiac so far, but the undertone can't help being nostalgic. A generation that went to jail or Canada or pot to stop the War has little to fight over but Anita Bryant and the high price of football tickets. Tong Sun Park is a lousy substitute for Nguyen Cao Ky as the hard-shelled oyster in the Yellow Peril. Nobody wants another Vietnam, its young survivors say, but give us back our sixties! Give us the chance for some confrontation, some commitment . . . a little *action*.

For a long time, the Silent Majority (which, given the lack of action, has since become a unanimity) didn't want to talk about, think about, look at or listen to the War. You could spend a decade watching all of primetime TV, plus Johnny Carson, and never realize there was a police action going on. Hardly a single pop song admitted its existence. And Hollywood moved its big budgets directly from the metaphysical optimism of the overblown musical to the technological pessimism of the disaster film, without ever passing Ho and collecting two million dongs. The living room from 7:30 to 11:00 and the neighborhood movie house were our psychological demilitarized zones. Only that human frag bomb, the deranged Viet vet—the all-purpose all-American villain who stalked through every episode

Coming home, back then: Teresa Wright comforts a shell-shocked Dana Andrews in *The Best Years of Our Lives*

MOVIE STAR NEWS

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MEMORY SHOP

of *Kojak*, every B-picture revenger's-tragedy—told us that somewhere behind the tube, beyond the frame, something sick and sad was going on.

The payload of new Vietnam movies suggests that the nostalgia epidemic, having infected virtually every other decade and preoccupation of this century, is about to consume our memories of the War. Hollywood is saying, perhaps, "Attention must finally be paid"; but also, certainly, "Money can be made." Opposition to the War is now less controversial than baseball, hot dogs, apple pie (made with artificial sweeteners) and Chevrolet (engines in Oldsmobile chassis). Merv Griffin can do a "theme show" around *Coming Home*, starring Hanoi Jane Fonda; is this reconciliation or mutual exploitation? Well-meaning and, in their fashion, liberal, the new Vietnam movies reveal Hollywood in a reflective mood. But, even if they prove popular, they will only show that the industry knows its business, as usual.

> *"In any other war, they would have made movies about us too, Dateline: Hell!, Dispatch from Dong Ha, maybe even A Scrambler to the Front . . . But Vietnam is awkward, everybody knows how awkward, and if people don't even want to hear about it, you know they're not going to pay money to sit there in the dark and have it brought up."*
>
> —Michael Herr, *Dispatches* (1977)*

Hollywood has traditionally traced cycles of war mania (1917–18, 1942–45, 1950–53) and of subsequent antiwar depression. Movies had attained their first sweeping popularity during World War I and, once America had entered the war, moviemakers threw all their resources into supporting it. Chaplin and Pickford spoke at Liberty Bond rallies. The new feature films celebrated the achievements of our boys at the front, and turned the Beastly Hun into the most dastardly of melodramatic bad guys. (In one movie of the period you can see Erich Von Stroheim, the original Man You Love to Hate, throwing a widow's baby out of a third-story window!) D.W. Griffith, the preeminent director of his day, made three hugely successful propaganda films. But by 1924 he was taking his cameras to Weimar Berlin to film *Isn't Life Wonderful?*, a sympathetic story of the German working class's struggle to survive.

World War II—you remember: the *good* one—was, for Hollywood, a remake of WWI, but with sound and music and an all-star cast. Straight-faced, lantern-jawed, with a little stubble, Our Hero machoed his way over the beaches of Omaha and Guam, and into the hearts of gorgeous Resistance leaders. Always excepting *Casablanca* (which, after all, takes place on December 6, 1941), these movies were pretty solemn, self-righteous affairs; in the war against home-front complacency and cynicism, a sense of humor is always the first casualty. But even during the war, some of Hollywood's best talents were filming the conflict where it happened, the way it happened: Frank Capra and John Ford and a lot of others made honest, gritty documentaries that were shown in American movie houses, supporting (and giving the lie to) the feature films that showed Smilin' Van Johnson bombing the Japs into submission. John Huston's *The Battle of San Pietro*, a bitter record of the capture of an Italian village by a regiment of infantrymen at the cost of hundreds of lives, was chosen as the best film of 1945 by critic James Agee—who also noted that the War Department had chosen to censor the film.

MOVIE STAR NEWS

At war's end, Hollywood turned conscientiously to describing the plight of returning soldiers. *The Pride of the Marines* (a blinded veteran) premiered within two weeks of Japan's surrender; *The Best Years of Our Lives* (an amputee) won the Oscar for Best Film of 1946; *The Men* (a ward of paraplegics) was Marlon Brando's debut film. By the mid-fifties the movie screen was full of Good Germans (Brando in *The Young Lions*) and evil U.S. officers (Eddie Albert in *Attack!*). These films marked a rite of passage: America was starting to feel bad about a war it had *won*. Thus billions of dollars in foreign aid to help make our former enemies' economies stronger than our own; thus our self-appointed role as the world's policeman, patroling half of Europe and Southeast Asia with a smile and a big stick; thus the dilemma of fighting fair against the Viet Cong, refusing to nuke North Vietnam with one hand while, with the other, we tried to defoliate the Gooks into submission. We were too nice; we were too cruel. It was all too bad.

For once, America went to war without the movie industry. Except for the low-budget *A Yank in Vietnam* (released in 1964, but retitled *Year of the Tiger* when its producers saw what a liability its original title would be) and *The Green Berets* (John Wayne's contribution to the war effort, released in 1968), Hollywood steered clear of the conflict. There was too much to lose. It was a time of a national identity-crisis, like the McCarthy Era; any political statement in a mass medium had to be oblique. So, just as liberal moviemakers in the fifties filtered their paranoia through traditional genres like the western (*Johnny Guitar*) and the science-fiction thriller (*Invasion of the Body Snatchers*), moviemakers of the Vietnam Age worked off their aggressions through "period" war films.

Dick Lester's *How I Won the War* was both a bilious satire of all wars and a lunatic parody of WWII films: a British company infiltrates enemy territory in order to set up a cricket patch. _M*A*S*H_ was set in Korea, but its mood was late-sixties hip; and though the Swampmen were beating the system rather than working to destroy it, they were involved in making love (and sutures), not war. *Patton* demonstrated that a military genius could also be a kind of madman. Lester's film was too misanthropic to attract a large audience, but _M*A*S*H_ and *Patton* were two of 1970's biggest hits—possibly because they were cleverly ambiguous enough to appeal to both hawks and doves. The danger was in making your metaphor too explicit; that much was proved by *A Bridge Too Far*, a $25-million downer paved with good intentions.

If these recent "World War II" movies are really about Vietnam, the new Vietnam movies like *The Boys in Company C* have the flavor of genuine WWII movies: the comically harsh basic training, the ethnic balance in the recruits, the shock-therapy maturing under fire.

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Except here the villains aren't the enemy, they're the American brass, who are either corrupt (ordering a fatal transport mission for some bottles of scotch and a general's mobile home) or inept (ordering the company across a V.C.-held bridge without checking for snipers). But what if the men at the top hadn't been knaves or fools? What if they'd been the idealists of Normandy and Iwo Jima? Would that have made our participation in Vietnam okay?

Clearly not. The soldiers in the field were variously brave and brutal, smart and stupid, mostly not knowing what the hell they should do, tiptoeing through the minefields—living and dying like the rest of us, but more immediately, more on the edge. You'd have to trace the problem back to the generals in Saigon, or further to the whiz kids at the Pentagon, or further to the Imperial Presidency, or further to the Cold War, or further. But how do you dramatize a morality play in which the villains throw up their hands in despair, or simply point to the next man around the table of the National Security Council? "Viewed as drama," said D.W. Griffith after surveying the French battlefront in 1917, "the war is disappointing." Viewed as drama or anything else, the Vietnam War was a tragic joke.

And that's the tone of *The Boys in Company C*, which director Sidney J. Furie shot in the Philippines on what looks to have been a three-day pass, while Francis Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* was waiting for a picturesque typhoon. Straight out of the old Marine-Corps films are the bad-mouthing but soft-hearted sergeant (only he says of his men: "They're gonna come back in body bags, they're gonna come back in wheelchairs"); the raw-recruit natural-born leader of men (only he's black, and has a plan to smuggle heroin back into the States in body bags—a ploy he later discards, being an N.B.L. of M.); and the definitive war-movie cliche, when an anguished grunt cries to his wounded buddy: "Don't you die on me, Al!" (only, for the seventies, he cries: "Don't you fuckin die on me, Al!"). It's the Old Sentimentality, embroidered on the hearts of the modern urban movie audience.

MOVIE STAR NEWS

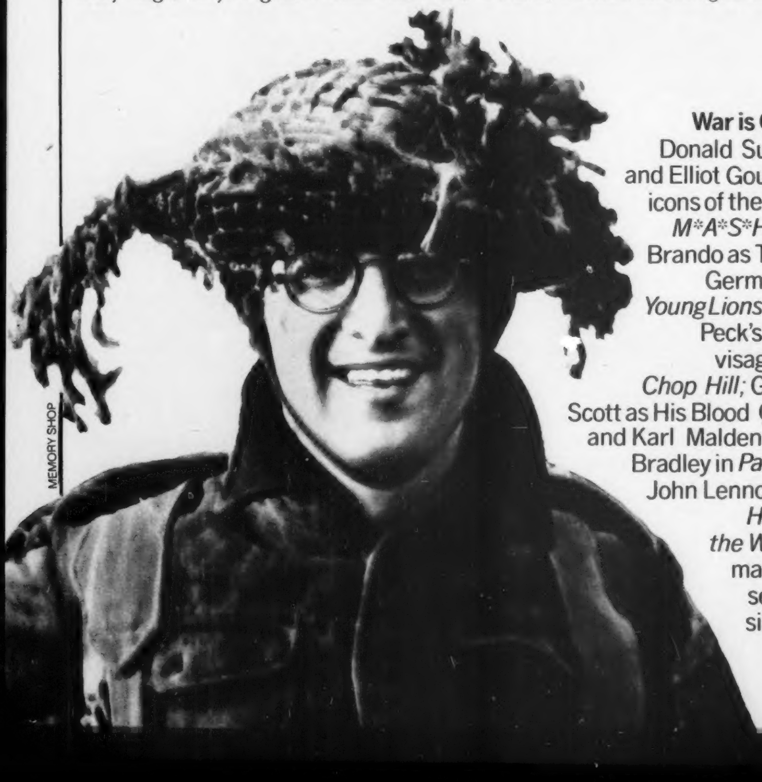
"The majority of the Americans I met in the field were WASPs from Southern California; most of the rest were from the rural South. . . . Given the demographic shift toward the Pacific in the United States, this California ascendancy gave me the peculiar feeling that I was seeing the future of our country as if on a movie screen. Nobody has yet dared make a war movie about Vietnam, but the prevailing unreality, as experienced in base camps and headquarters, is eerily like a movie, a contest between good and evil that is heading toward a happy ending, when men with names like 'Colonel Culpepper,' 'Colonel Derryberry,' 'Captain Stanhope' will vanquish Victor Charlie. The state that has a movie actor for governor and a movie actor for U.S. senator seemed to be running the show."

—Mary McCarthy,
"The Home Program" (1967)*

East Coast critics look at California the way the rest of the country looks at New York: with fear and loathing. So when these same critics snipe at *Coming Home* for the movie's Californity—its exaltation of emotions over reason, ideals over ideas, pastel imagery over grungy realism, meaningful gestures and explosive moments over narrative coherence—they're hurling the vilest epithet this side of "fascist pig" or "fan of Tom Snyder." But there's another chasm, more forbidding than the Continental Divide, that separates these critics from this movie: our old sixties friend, the Generation Gap. You can see it looming in the complaints about *Coming Home*'s wallpapering its soundtrack with music of the period—Rolling Stones, Beatles, Chambers Brothers, Tim Buckley, Richie Havens—30 songs in all, and each one is an obtrusive comment on its respective scene, goddammit!

MOVIE STAR NEWS

It's easy to imagine these middle-aged sophisticates, whose idea of musical slumming would be to catch a performance of *Cavalleria Rusticana* at the Met, scribbling down the words to "Sympathy for the Devil" or "The Time Has Come Today" and remarking on the obviousness of the lyrics. But for anyone who grew up listening to rock & roll—and that includes just about everybody in the Vietnam Generation, veterans and draft resisters alike—hearing the songs again today is more likely to trigger a reverie back to the time and place you first heard the song than to provoke any analysis of its literary subtleties. Besides, in the sixties milieu the film describes, you couldn't go anywhere without hearing music coming


MEMORY SHOP

War is Celluloid: Donald Sutherland and Elliot Gould, comic icons of the sixties in *M*A*S*H;* Marlon Brando as The Good German in *The Young Lions;* Gregory Peck's chiseled visage in *Pork Chop Hill;* George C. Scott as His Blood Our Guts and Karl Malden as Omar Bradley in *Patton;* Pvt. John Lennon (left) in *How I Won the War,* which made WWII seem even sillier than Vietnam

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out of a stereo or the local FM rock station. Maybe that's how we all survived—humming and bopping our way through the apocalypse.

Coming Home hums and bops its way over a series of formidable, self-made obstacles with some of the same resources as the best pop music: energy, grace, good looks and good vibes. In true California style, the film is a triumph of mood over message. Even the message ("The enemy is the War") is a matter less of polemics than of the anguished pulse in Bruce Dern's cheek, the strain in Jane Fonda's smart, beautiful face, Jon Voight's movie-star arrogance and (later) guru gentleness. The movie is a little soft-hearted and boneheaded about its likes and dislikes—no drama can be considered completely satisfying if its protagonist is a charismatic saint and its antagonist a psychopathic nerd—but this, too, is characteristic of the period and its people: knowledgeable and naive, quick to find heroes and villains. *Coming Home* is eerily like the Vietnam "movie" described by Mary McCarthy. It's a contest between good and evil that is heading toward a happy ending (which will take place after the last shot, as Fonda learns of husband Dern's suicide and lives liberated ever after with lover Voight), when a man with a name like Sgt. Luke Martin (Voight) has outlived the gung-ho Captain Hyde (Dern). It's a fantasy movie from the flip-side of the John Wayne experience—the love-dream and war-nightmare of some good folks who paid their Vietnam dues on this side of the Pacific.

The people I know who like *Coming Home* see it as a love story; the people who don't see it as a political statement. I'm with the first group. If you want a closely reasoned argument against the War, read Mary McCarthy. If you want a brilliant evocation of the soldiers' life and death in the jungle, read Michael Herr. If you want a love story involving two strong, complex people played by two terrific actors, *Coming Home* is it. I'm willing to forgive the movie any number of simplicities and evasions, the better to savor moments, gestures, scenes that tell us as much about the way we behave as you'd ever want to know about the War.

It's evident in the smallest scenes (though not always in the biggest). Sally Hyde (Fonda), a volunteer in a veterans hospital, attempts to feed a soldier whose larynx has been replaced with a voice box. She's nervous; a piece of egg falls off the fork. Clumsily, she tries putting the food back on the fork, but it falls off again. She decides she may as well just put the food in his mouth, but the soldier's eyes motion back to the utensil. All this young man can now demand is the dignity of being fed his omelet on a fork. The scene takes about 30 seconds; no important words are spoken; it's all in Fonda's klutzy doggedness and in the soldier's eyes; it's very eloquent.

MEMORY SHOP

Luke has come to Sally's apartment for dinner. She's made a pitcher of margaritas, and set a table that looks cribbed from instructions in *House and Garden*. There's the promise of romance—or the threat: we're not yet sure what Sally feels for this paraplegic. The evening progresses; Luke says, "I spend 95 percent of my time at the hospital thinking about making love to you" (wow! one of the great romantic lines in Hollywood history). She replies, "I've never been unfaithful to my husband." Sally's remark can be interpreted as incredibly bad form both on her part and on the screenwriters', but I think it should be seen this way: Sally anticipated a come-on from Luke and had prepared the standard middle-American put-down; her reply seems really dumb—and should—because of the simple eloquence of Luke's declaration of sexual love. This inference isn't a critic's invention; you can find it, but you have to look more than listen. The gestures, the moments, the actors.

The evening progresses; back at the hospital, Sally is taking a ride on Luke's lap, in his wheelchair—the paraplegic's version of a spin in the jalopy. They arrive at his bed and say goodnight. Their faces are very close. He leans into her, and they kiss. Is the kiss a special pleasure for Sally, or the beneficence of a generous hospital volunteer? We can tell only by the way she moves her lips from his and presses them on his open palm. It's a kiss, an act of reliance and resignation and commitment, a declaration of love. If the resting of her face in his hand had lasted a split second shorter or longer, the meaning of the scene and the movement of the film would have been subtly, crucially different. Gestures, moments, actors.

And director: Hal Ashby. In his previous film, *Bound for Glory*, Ashby showed the same mastery of intimate behavioral detail (and the same weakness for disjointed narratives with too much left-wing pontificating). An exchange of glances, a small movement of the hands—he's obsessed with hands—carry more of an Ashby movie's emotional weight than the most impassioned peroration. Like Martin Scorsese, Ashby can elicit spectacular performances within a meticulous visual plan. But, also like Scorsese, he runs the danger of letting the big scenes get away from him. He's a miniaturist who insists on painting Diego Rivera-style murals. And he's so eager to make *Coming Home* a right-thinking movie that he sometimes forgets to think at all.

Abetted by Bruce Dern, the American cinema's most boring crazy, Ashby turns the potentially interesting Captain Hyde into a monstrous Mr. Hyde; Jon Voight's Luke has to serve as the noble Dr. Jekyll. Captain Hyde is an ideogram for every misguided impulse that got us into the War. He mouths slogans about the Good Ol' U.S. of A.; he shows no tenderness to his loving wife; he oafishly puts a bullet through his foot in Vietnam; he comes too quick in bed. Sally's decision to go to bed with Luke should be difficult: the choice of a better man over a good one. But Dern's character creates a vacuum, and Voight, with his sympathy and star-quality, is the perfect person to fill it. Finally, Captain Hyde's descent into psychosis should be from a tragic height. Instead, Dern steps off the curb and falls on his face.

Coming Home is a movie out of its time. It has a polemical urgency, a breathless sense of spreading the message, that would have been appropriate and maybe important in 1969. But who's left to convert? Mothers turned against the War when they saw the televised deaths of boys who could have been their sons; fathers turned against it when they saw that, for some reason, we weren't winning. Now we've come home, to stay—until Angola or Israel or Panama or San Marino engages our protective instincts. But maybe we're still too close to the War to expect some deft balance between irony and melancholy. Maybe we should cherish the anger and anguish we felt a decade ago, and that leads *Coming Home* astray. The anger just might keep us alert for the first hint of another incursion. One Vietnam is enough to talk about, or to relive—in the back of our conscience or on our movie screens. ●

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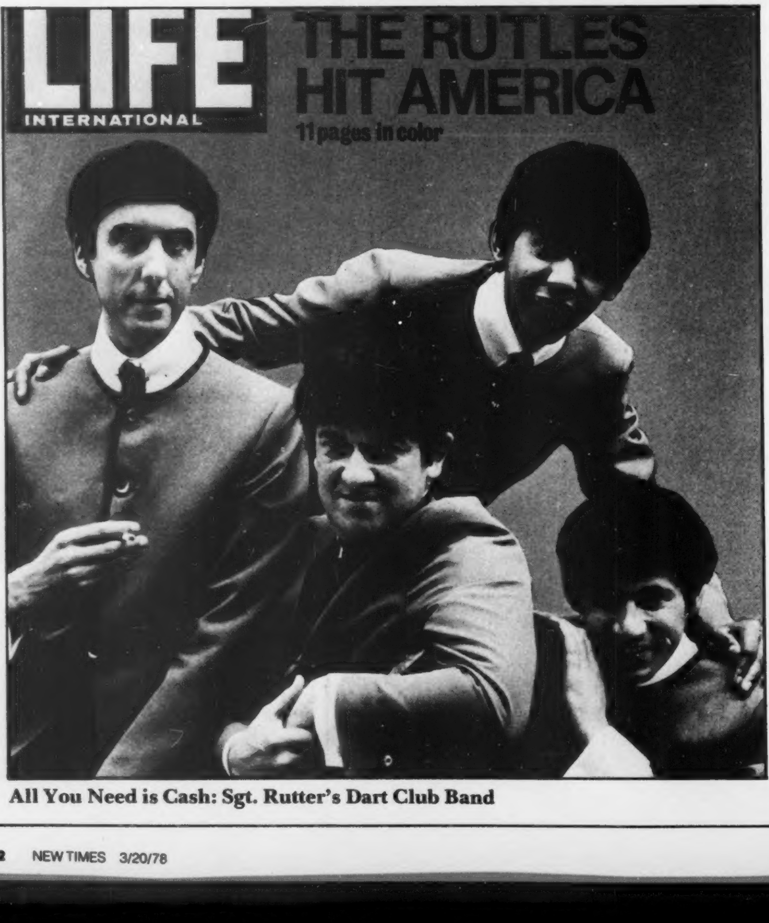
Music/by Jerry Lazar

MAGICAL HISTORY TOUR

Let's confess right up front here that when it comes to the Beatles a bigger sucker than me will not be found. Friends will flip through my albums, come to Harrison's *Wonderwall* or Lennon's *Two Virgins* . . . and you should see the looks. At least, I rationalize, I own only three of the twenty-odd virtually identical *Let It Be* bootlegs, and I never got duped into buying albums of Beatle songs by rip-off groups like the Liverpools.OK. OK. So I did shell out good money for *Best of The Beatles*, having been conned by the pre-Ringo shot. Talk about your first-on-the-block! As you probably know, the drummer in those days was a gent name of Pete Best. And this is his solo album. Get it? *Best* of the Beatles? I've since seen him on *What's My Line?*, where I was pleased to discover that he's become a baker in Liverpool. Good for you, Petey! I've hung onto your album, though; quite a little collector's item, isn't it? That and *Wonderwall*.

By now, of course, I've figured out where to draw the line on these matters. A fan, yes; a fanatic, no. For instance, you won't find me plunking down $15 to see this Broadway play (!) *Beatlemania*, or any other artificial imitation Beatle-flavored product. Nonetheless, the show has found its market; it has just opened in Los Angeles and supposedly has plans to clone itself all over the place. Clive Davis' Arista Records has even brought out an $11.98 *Beatlemania* double album, which bears the warning: "An incredible simulation." (Look up the meaning of "incredible" when you get a chance.) I haven't heard the album, but I'll bet anything it sounds quite a bit like the Liverpools, as I remember them. They, too, made my teeth itch.



All You Need is Cash: Sgt. Rutter's Dart Club Band

No need to despair, though, for there *are* a few new Beatle bargains to be had. One is the complete *A Hard Day's Night* screenplay, recently published by Penguin Books ($6.95). I was overjoyed to see it—not for its shot-by-shot stills, not for its lengthy interview with director Richard Lester, but for its page 62. There, as I had been trying to tell everyone for years, is the scene, right near the beginning, in which Lennon is *snorting a bottle of Coke*. In 1964! How hip! How cool! How ahead! I was ecstatic.

Even bigger treats are to be found in the genre of revisionism. When I came across the book *Paperback Writer* last spring, I didn't realize at first it was a novel, because it was subtitled *A New History Of The Beatles*. But the author's disclaimer was the tip-off: "Just because there'll never be another Beatles doesn't necessarily mean there can't be another Beatles' *story*." Early in the first chapter we read the part about a young plumber named Brian Epstein who is called in late one night to repair a clogged pipe in the ladies room at the Cavern. From there we get a fairly funny account of the four rockers as we *might have* known and loved them. The plane of reality is tilted at odd angles:

Dylan instructs a worshipful Lennon and a cynical McCartney in the art of writing lyrics: "Words and phrases . . . the first thing that comes to your mind . . . I don't even know what my songs mean." The result of the trio's collaboration is "Pneumonia Ceilings," typed on London Hilton stationary—except for the last line, which everyone is too stoned to remember.

Backstage at the Sullivan show, George tries out a new song for Del Shannon, who wasn't even aware that George wrote any: "Sounds to me like that song the Chiffons had out last year," comments Shannon. "Sounds just like it. Same changes."

Mark Shipper, the author, is a 28-year-old assistant publisher of a weekly trade paper, *Radio and Records*. He tapped out *Paperback Writer* in six weeks and, investing his own savings, printed 500 copies, which he tried to sell by mail order for $5.95 a pop. One copy came to the attention of Fred Jordan, who now has his own imprint at Grosset & Dunlap. Jordan plans to publish it as a large-format trade paperback in June. He's billing it as the first real rock novel ever written, but Shipper is more realistic. "It's just meant to be fun," he says.

Then we have the Rutles. You heard right: the Rutles. Ron Nasty, Dirk McQuickly, Stig O'Hara and Barry Wom—otherwise known as the Prefab Four. If you don't already know their tale—"the legend that will last a lunchtime"—then you can tune in on March 22 to NBC's documentary *All You Need is Cash,* which was filmed last summer by Eric Idle and Gary Weis. *Saturday Night Live* and Monty Python meet the Beatles. Sort of.

Idle—who created, wrote and narrates the program—is Rutle bassist McQuickly. Neil Innes, of Bonzo Dog Band fame, wrote the lyrics and composed the Rutles tunes. (He's also Lennon sound-alike Ron Nasty.) Rikki Fataar, who once toured with the Beach Boys, is Stig. John Halsey, whom I never heard of before, is drummer Barry. A handful of the *Saturday Night* crew have cameo parts, and even Mick Jagger and Paul Simon were persuaded to come on camera to describe what effect the Rutles had on *their* careers.

Mark Shipper and Eric Idle have separately and independently recreated the Beatles era using roughly the same idiom, if not the same medium. Shipper puts his Beatles through episodes that, had this been an even zanier world, *might* have happened. He rewrites Beatles lyrics and titles. Idle goes one step further: he changes *all* the names; and Innes rewrites the music as well. It doesn't sound like a particularly funny concept (or even an original one; remember AM deejays cracking themselves up by singing "I Wanna Hold My Nose"?), but it works. It works because of its underlying attitude: it's not analytical or imitative or grandiose. It's just meant to be fun.

I find myself telling skeptical friends to be sure to catch this special, and I try to give them an idea of what makes the Rutles so good by singing one of their songs, like "Get Up and Go" (the "Get Back" takeoff) or, better, "OUCH!" the title cut of their second movie. ("Ouch! Please don't hurt me. Ouch! Don't desert me. Ouch!") Neil Innes has managed to capture the Beatles' sound as convincingly as Todd Rundgren did on his *Faithful* album, and with more purpose. Enriching the spoof of the Beatles (and of our collective reaction to them) is a marvelous send-up of the entire genre of television documentaries: their cost, language and camera techniques.

Watching the Rutles, one is struck by the number of Beatle images that have permanently implanted themselves in our brainpans and by how accurately they are recreated here. Film editor Aviva Slesin, who put in three months of 14-hour days on this project, has done a masterful job of capturing the madness and bounciness of the original Richard Lester films; and the *Yellow Submarine* parody is indistinguishable from the real thing. Even the press conference sequences do justice to their prototypes. (Q: "Did you feel better after seeing the Queen?" A: "No. I feel better after seeing a doctor.")

Of course, it's tough to ridicule the inherently ridiculous. Sometimes real life can't be topped: Paul getting a hit single out of "Mary Had a Little Lamb" or George getting convicted of plagiarism. How do you beat that? When the Rutles try to go real life one better, it doesn't always work. I mean, why show John and Yoko holding forth for peace in a shower? Wasn't a bed absurd enough?

Meanwhile, George and Ringo are teaming up for a TV special (NBC, April 26) which is being touted as (good Christ!) a musical version of *The Prince and the Pauper.* I can't figure which is worse, this or the idea of a 1978 Beatles album with tunes like "Disco Yoko," "Disco Love Songs," "My Sweet Disco" and Ringo's remake of "Disco Duck." I'm so glad the band packed it in when it did.

Now I'm a newly converted sucker for the Rutles. Their first (and last) album has just been released, and it's the genuine item. Where have these guys been all these years? ●

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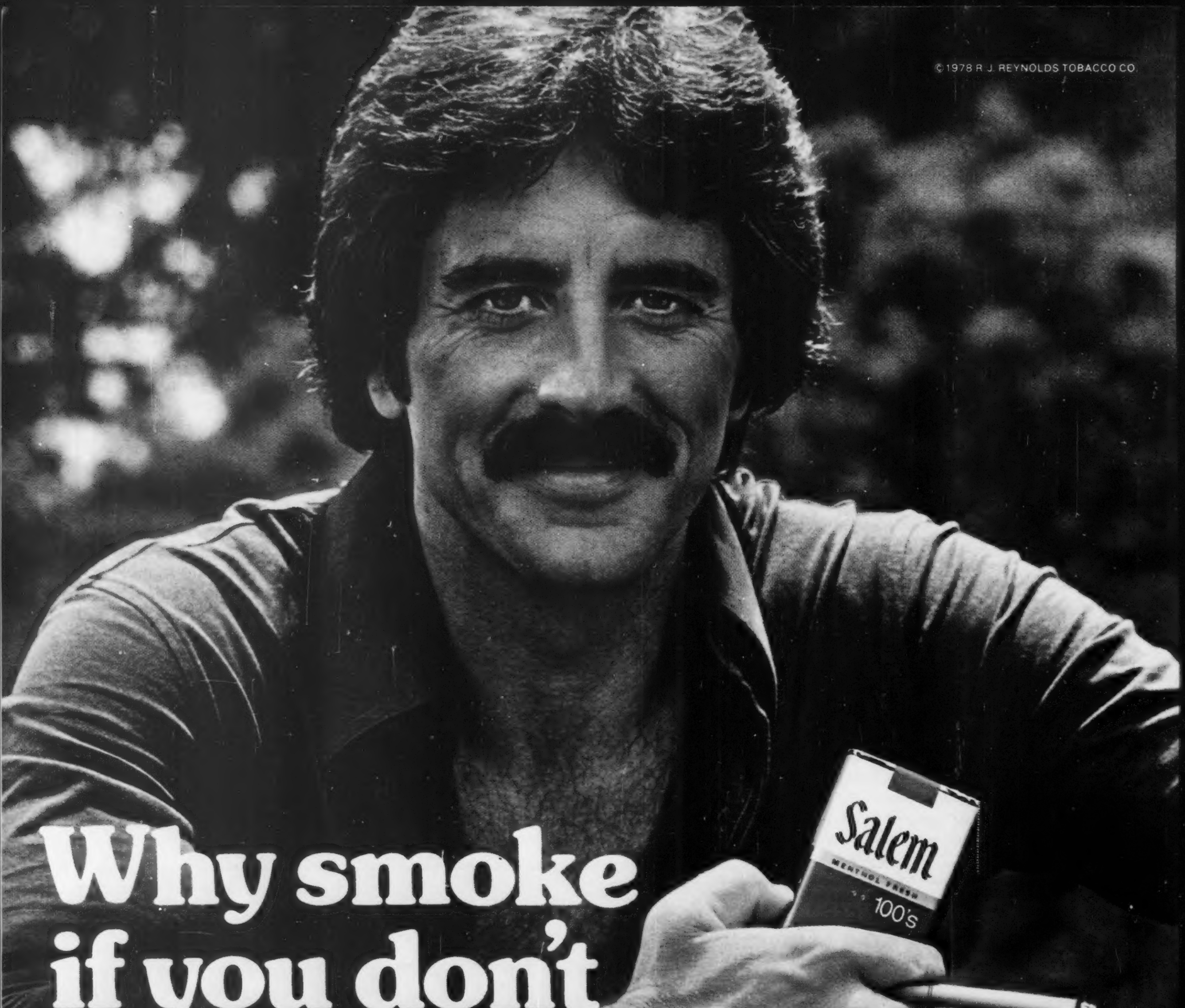
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Books/by Geoffrey Wolff

TAMING THE WEST WITH PARABLE

The Last Cowboy
by Jane Kramer.
Harper & Row
(148 pp., $8.95).

This portrait of the foreman of a large Texas Panhandle ranch first appeared in the *New Yorker*, and it has the characteristic virtues and vices of that magazine's profiles. The virtues—tact, precision, architectural comeliness and generosity—far outnumber and outweigh the form's vices, but these too are worth enumerating: a distance between the narrator and her subject that more suggests omniscience than self-effacement, and an authority of voice and judgment that sometimes seems too cheaply earned.

In the absence of any contrary notice it is to be assumed that Henry Blanton and his wife, Betsy, are the authentic names of the couple portrayed here, and what is portrayed must cause them pain even as it educates and engages the curiosity of strangers who read about the failure of the Blantons' several dreams.

Jane Kramer is mindful that she is a tourist in the lives of her subjects. She traveled to Texas with her young daughter after some years spent living in Europe and writing about Europeans because she suspected that to look at America again "a cowboy's camp might be the proper place to start." She began, that is, with a myth of cowboy life, and in this she was one with the particular cowboy she chose to anatomize.

Henry Blanton, turning 40 as the profile progresses, dresses in gunslinger's duds and has been discovered squinting murderously at his bathroom mirror by his wife while he reaches for his imaginary holster. He likes to settle for an evening in front of whatever horse opera has been commended by *TV Guide*: "The West that Henry mourned belonged to the Western movie, where land and cattle went to their proper guardians and brought a fortune in respect and power."

"Mourned" is the just word: this is a story of desuetude and atrophy, of reflexive but hapless gestures. It is said that cops watch cop movies with amusement and gangsters watch gangster movies with self-important awe; John McPhee tells, in *Coming Into the Country*, about a man in the Alaskan wilderness who passes time listening to cassette recordings of old radio shows of Sergeant Preston beseeching his huskies to mush; boys once went whaling with *Moby Dick* in their seabags. People need confirmation of the legends of their callings, but Western movies only remind Henry of the death of values that maintained his father and his grandfather, cowboys of the kind Glenn Ford and John Wayne and Gary Cooper suggest.

Henry and Betsy, and the last of their four daughters still at home, live 12 miles back from the road in the middle of nowhere. Henry works for a ranch manager who does not live on the ranch, who beckons him long-distance on a CB radio or arrives to order him here and there, telling him what's what through the raised windows of his air-conditioned Buick. The ranch manager speaks from the elevation of a degree in Agriculture from Cornell, and is in turn told the score by his master, the ranch owner, who keeps house on Eaton Square, London.

This is not lone cowhand country; this is agribusiness, big business. This is a place, 105 miles from Amarillo, where the commodities market has more than horsemanship to do with a man's standing. Fortunes come and go in the Panhandle, and rules change quickly. From raising their own cattle, ranchers moved quickly in the sixties to a feedlot economy, a quick in-and-out with other people's cattle, blue-sky ventures figured on skinny margins. During the early seventies' days of chaotic beef and grain prices, and shoppers' boycotts, a lot of people went bust. Oil saved some: "West Texans live on the frontier of money. They believe in luck and high stakes and big killings . . . ."

One of Betsy's kinswomen married a man whose pasture spurted oil: she has her own blue airplane, and a half-share of $10 million. Betsy manages not to begrudge her; it could happen to anyone, it could even happen to her and to Henry.

Not really. Henry owns no land, no cattle. He should own land and cattle; he has been promised both. But there were no contracts, just handshakes. Farmers do things carefully, as Henry knows: "They got to have them co-ops, just to be sure no one's taking advantage of them. They got to have everything written down before they do for each other." Cowboys are different: "A cowboy shook hands where ordinary men signed contracts."

As this book ends Henry is diddled out of a deal—done out of a dream—by his ranch manager. He had dreamt their agreement would bring him wealth, or at the least that *purty little spread* cowboys like to stock, and their wives like to furnish, in their minds' eyes. Kramer lets you see it from a

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mile off: there will be no sunset-ending for this man.

It goes beyond the blank declaration by Henry's friend that "there's more cowboys than rich people." It's a worse kind of failure that Henry suffers, and it goes to the heart rather than the surface of his dream. He has all the skills, can ride with precision and to effect, can judge animals and tend them. But "somehow he was not the sort of cowboy who inspired admiration or respect. . . . He could not quite manage that economy of gesture and person which was appropriate in a cowboy."

This harsh judgment, delivered at the beginning of *The Last Cowboy*, is never really justified till the book's awful end, when Henry, mad with frustration at the failure of his expectations, cuts the balls off three huge bulls that have wandered from another ranch to his employer's. It is such a shocking act because it is so disproportionate, so out of keeping with the code it has been his entire purpose in life to honor. One of the bulls has mounted one of the cows Henry fattens but does not possess: "The way I see it, it's like you had a daughter and she was raped . . . ."

The violence coloring Henry's acts is not unexpected. That he hates hippies, and will cut their hair if he catches them on the back roads of his territory, does not inspire wonder. That he is sometimes needlessly cruel to animals, that he fights when he gets drunk in town, that he drinks more than Betsy would like: these things follow. It is his confusion of values, and Betsy's, that makes of *The Last Cowboy* a story sadder, and bleaker by far, then *The Last Picture Show*.

Kramer's eye for the killing detail is unfailing. She pounces like a hawk on the poor mice of Betsy's pretensions, and her account of the sprucing-up of Betsy's ranch house, its violation by lace and antique-white paint and shag, is as cruel as it is deadpan and dead accurate. When Henry, in a lurch of confused nostalgia, restores his grandfather's chuck wagon and treats it as a totem and a sanctuary, a reader thinks he understands what he has beheld. A reader is wrong; the hawk hits:

"Once, for a spring roundup, he fitted the wagon out with pots and pans, a water keg, and bedrolls, and ordered one of his Mexican hands to practice making sourdough biscuits and coleslaw and rhubarb pie from Betsy's *Chuck Wagon Cookbook*. He wanted his hands and all the neighbors who would be helping on the roundup to sleep out under the stars, the way cowboys used to in Abel Blanton's time." They sleep under the stars, after listening to Henry play the harmonica and a neighbor play his guitar. They sleep under the stars till the bugs come, and drive them home to their beds. But no bug could bite as hard as the observation of that *Chuck Wagon Cookbook*.

In a similar spirit Betsy is caught planning a Christmas Eve dinner, wandering the aisles of a local supermarket: "The cream from the milk cows in the barn was fine for everyday. So were the wild strawberries from the patch behind the house. But for a holiday like Christmas Betsy wanted to be able to offer frozen strawberries and to set out cans of Reddi Whip and coffee creamer on her revolving tray."

Henry Blanton dresses in black gunslinger's duds and has been discovered squinting murderously at his bathroom mirror

I admire Kramer's timing and her control. I am certain that the purpose of her book is to mourn—a word that many times recurs in its pages—rather than to injure. The facts of her account are not in dispute: Henry, in his prideful and sometimes petulant candor, eloquently confirms the decline in his circumstances since his school days, when "Betsy was Homecoming Queen to Henry's King" and when he even managed a couple of years of college. He makes it clear that it pains him that Betsy has to work in a feedstore to pad out his meagre wages. The strain between them requires nothing from the imagination: "Cowboys," he says, "don't like the company of women much."

Yet I am troubled by all this. I was put on guard by Kramer's introductory announcement that she had found in the Blantons' story a "parable of failed promise" that "taught me more about America than I had ever hoped or wanted to discover." I guess I'm more interested in the Blantons' pain than in Kramer's. I'm certain that is as Kramer wishes. But still: the Blantons' have paid a heavy price to be turned to instructional, exemplary use. One could say as much for the subjects of any book, I suppose, but Kramer's gorgeous control, so cool and unblinking, provokes a disclaimer. People do not live their lives, or suffer them, to become terms in a syllogistic parable, however elegant its proofs. Dreams, and the failures of dreams, are messy, noisy, personal, singular and probably inaccessible to outsiders. I hope. ●

Television/by Richard M. Levine

ADVERTISEMENTS FOR ITSELF

One of the most successful television series on the air has never made the Nielsen Top Ten nor received an Emmy nor even been spun off into son of one of the most successful television series on the air. Among people in the industry it is often referred to as the "Harry and Larry Show," and it is on ABC, in bits and pieces, nearly an hour each week in hundreds of "availabilities." The figures are approximate because they vary from week to week, for Harry Marks and Larry Sullivan produce ABC's house promotion—those 5-, 20- and 30-second spots that advertise the network's upcoming shows. In a medium that is so often, to paraphrase McLuhan, a massage, their promotional talents are given almost as much credit for ABC's sudden rise to prominence as Fred Silverman's programming skills. Indeed, one measure of their success can be gleaned from the fact that recently, when Harry and Larry started driving around Hollywood in matching Ferraris (black for Harry, yellow for Larry), it was widely rumored that Fred Silverman had given them the cars for Christmas. Another measure is that the rumor proved to be false. Harry and Larry received the cars not from ABC, the principal client of their independent production company, but from a much smaller account.

Television promotion was not always so prestigious and lucrative an occupation. Throughout most of its history the greatest advertising vehicle the world has ever known sold its own product with all the sophistication of a side-street garage sale. For the first few weeks of a new TV season a series would be promoted with "episodic" spots tailored to each show. After that the networks' promotion efforts would revert to a single "generic" promo for the series and a kit consisting of slides and explanatory copy sent out to local stations each week. With CBS routinely winning the ratings race every year and ABC hardly in it, money spent on promotion seemed a senseless luxury, especially when it counted towards the 9 minutes and 30 seconds each primetime hour that the networks and their affiliates are allowed for commercial time. As head of ABC's promotion department until he and Sullivan formed their own company in 1976, Harry Marks would occasionally "let off creative steam" by producing handsomely filmed, well-edited, imaginative promos that brought in more awards than viewers.

All that began to change in the fall of 1974, when ABC's primetime schedule was so bad, according to Michael Eisner, the network's West Coast programming director at the time, that "we had dropped to fourth place in a three-way race." About the only primetime show that was working was the ABC *Movie of the Week*, and it was working largely because the programming department had drawn up a separate budget for made-for-TV movies and then hired freelance copywriter Larry Sullivan to billboard future offerings with hard-sell promos containing sharp one-line "hooks"—spots that ran in every *Movie of the Week* as often as the title of the one then in progress. Eisner's memo to ABC president Fred Pierce suggested that the network treat its entire primetime schedule in a similar manner by producing several times the usual number of promos and saturating the available time slots for them.

Along with the introduction of some future hit shows in January 1975 (*Baretta, Barney Miller*) the strategy seemed to work. Soon the ABC promotion department was turning out 20 or more promos a day instead of seven or a eight week. By then the 60-second promo, like the 60-second commercial, had been largely replaced by 20- and 30-second spots ("Sixty seconds is a feature film to us these days," Harry Marks says), and more and more of them were only five seconds long, near-subliminal electronic blips on a viewer's consciousness.

When Fred Silverman became ABC's programming chief in the spring of 1975, the attention paid to promos increased further, it having been part of his unhappiness at CBS that he could not control that network's promotion department. Silverman programmed the promos as carefully as he did the shows, figuring out precisely where a particular spot would be most effective on the schedule. And he would scrutinize the promotion for ABC shows more closely than he did the shows themselves, calling Harry and Larry up at all hours of the day or night with suggestions for cutting a shot here or adding a line there, even for a series, like the late-unlamented *San Pedro Beach Bums*, that he knew he was canceling the following week.

Promotion literally entered the space age, with spots beamed to New York daily whenever Telstar passed overhead. Turning out several thousand separate spots a year now, sometimes over 50 a day, Harry and Larry work constantly on fast forward. During the week I spent watching them work the partners squelched a staff revolt by reluctantly agreeing to *reduce* working time to 12-hour shifts.

The partnership works so well because Harry and Larry's talents are so complementary. Larry Sullivan, who functions essentially as the firm's copywriter, is a brash, short-fused fellow in his early thirties with a toughest-kid-on-the-block self-image. He keeps a punching bag and a riding crop in his office. Harry Marks, 46, who specializes in graphics and music, is a soft-voiced, genial Englishman whose accent drowned somewhere in the mid-Atlantic. His office is decorated with favorite poster art and, on a bulletin board, a recent newspaper headline about the 500th anniversary of Oxford University Press, where he once worked, cut to read "Oxford Press Marks . . ." Theirs is the art of the snippet. "Harry and Larry make the best 30 seconds of entertainment in show business," Michael Eisner says.

In a craft where the general rule of thumb is never a dull second, Harry and Larry are masters of "impact" editing. Rarely does an action or a joke reach its own conclusion on one of their spots—there's simply no time. The classic promo cut is one that Harry and Larry did for the movie *Walking Tall*, where a shot of Joe Don Baker kicking in a door is followed by a shot of a building exploding from another part of the film. In a sense promos are pure television, a surreal succession of punches, pratfalls, car crashes, shootings, pie throwings, stampedes, double takes and the like. "What did you give us for *Starsky and Hutch* this week?" the ABC censor assigned to Sullivan and Marks asked one recent afternoon. "The usual," Larry Sullivan said. "A car crashing through a building."

Given this almost Pavlovian definition of entertainment, the amazing thing is that Harry and Larry often have great difficulty finding enough usable material in half-hour and hour-long shows to fill a 20- or 30- second spot. To do adequate promos for the mercifully short-lived *Mr. T. and Tina*, they actually had to gather together the actors and shoot new footage. And I recently watched Larry Sullivan struggle for hours to extract enough material from a Donny and Marie Valentine's Day show to make a 20-second spot. "Christ," he said at one point, punching his stopwatch, "it takes her six seconds to say 'I love you.'"

If there isn't 30 seconds' worth of fast-paced action in a show, these days there is usually enough sexual titillation to make up the difference, and it is a rare promo that leaves Sullivan and Marks, Inc. (S & M, Inc., for short), without its share of bouncing female flesh—what used to be called tits-and-ass shots are now referred to simply as "jiggle" shots. The initial outline of a 30-second promo for the recent made-for-TV movie *The Initiation of Sara* (a rip-off of *Carrie* so close to the original that its working title was *Carrie Goes to College*) contains, among others, the following shots: "Girl with large breasts on bed in dorm," "Wet T-shirt breast quiver," "Girl's finger in pants," and—my personal favorite—"Nude girl tries to escape from scalding water in glass shower room." If there is no girl with large breasts in a particular week's episode, Harry and Larry are not adverse to borrowing one from past episodes.

This is not to imply that Harry and Larry do anything different from their colleagues at the other networks, just that they do it better. CBS and NBC promos are still produced by in-house network promotion departments, and while there are probably as many of them as on ABC now, they are not nearly as effective. Where the other networks will settle for an actress silently mouthing words while the voice-over bids you to join so-and-so as she romps her way through a zany, fun-filled half hour, Harry and Larry would search for an impact shot, even if it is just a head turning, and generally avoid such cliche-ridden copy. "We try not to use superlatives," Larry Sullivan says. "But on the other hand I'm not about to write, 'Tune in Thursday at nine if you like that kind of shit.'"

Indeed, so confident was Fred Silverman in the value of Harry and Larry's promotion that a year ago he rejuggled ABC's primetime schedule at the last moment after viewing a brief sales film for *Operation Petticoat*, a half-hour pilot about which he had vacillated for weeks before finally turning down. The network's schedule had already been announced and was about to be previewed by the press and key advertisers when, at the conclusion of a marathon 36-hour programming session, Silverman learned that Harry and Larry had accidentally brought the sales film for *Operation Petticoat* with them to New York and asked to see it. He laughed aloud during the viewing and when it was over said: "I knew it had all the elements. What are we going to cancel?"

But Harry and Larry's main concern is still how many people will watch a show rather than what they watch. Fred Silverman has credited them with much of the success of *Roots* —their cagey promotion campaign managed to take most of the brutality out of slavery and present the mini-series largely as a warm-hearted family saga, with an upbeat shot of Chicken George jumping over a fence ending the spots. Similarly, the controversy surrounding *Soap* was partially defused last summer by a campaign in which pro and con interviews with ordinary viewers were amusingly interspersed with bits from the show. And in a less manipulative vein, the success of the Fonz on *Happy Days* was sealed when Harry and Larry did a second anniversary special of the show built around his birthday party. The episode—in effect, a half-hour promo that mixed clips from past shows with scenes from the party—received the highest rating the series had yet garnered.

In the near future Harry and Larry hope to do more original programming—perhaps even to have a show of their own on the air that runs for several consecutive minutes before it is interrupted by one of their promos. One can hardly blame them. Not long ago, as a joke, they devised a promo that advertised all four programs in ABC's hit Saturday night lineup—*What's Happening, Operation Petticoat, The Love Boat* and *Fantasy Island*—in one five-second spot: "Saturday what's happening is the Sea Tiger torpedoes the Love Boat on the way to Fantasy Island." People who do that kind of thing for a living deserve some breathing space. ●

RECORDS

by Jim Miller

Now that *Saturday Night Fever* has stereotyped the dancing life for a crowd of passive spectators, it's a pretty safe bet that disco is dead, at least as a source of unpredictable black American music. There is a cruel irony in the swagger of John Travolta, which is widely assumed to typify a macho lifestyle but which originally expressed a new pride and public conviviality within the gay community. It now seems only fitting that Donna Summer should present disco as a ticket to "never never land" on **Once Upon a Time** (Casablanca). Once the site of a symbiotic relationship between an active audience and the music it defined itself through, the Disco has become a mythologized forum, a franchised product exploiting the market for fast sex.

A pop "opera," *Once Upon a Time* is the disco answer to *Tommy*. What producer/composers Giorgio Moroder and Pete Bellotte have accomplished with singer/composer Summer certainly merits the comparison. Like Peter Townshend's rock opera, *Once Upon a Time* is an ambitious two-record set; and like its illustrious predecessor, the conceptual unity of the album lets the performer explore the limits of her characteristic idiom.

As becomes clear on this record, Donna Summer has been a sadly underrated vocal stylist. She won her fame by purring seductively, but on such songs as "A Man Like You" and "I Love You," Summer reveals a controlled vocal strength more comparable to Aretha Franklin's than to that of any other *femmes fatales* of the discos. She works perfectly with her producers, injecting an attractively human presence into the most coldly computerized projects. Summer first unveiled this uncanny skill on "I Feel Love," the *tour de force* of synthetic disco on her previous release, and she displays similar gifts throughout "Act Two" of *Time*, to the accompaniment of a burbling bank of synthesizers.

The lyrics help, too. Basically a Cinderella retread, the plot replaces glass slippers with dancing shoes, midnight pumpkin metamorphoses with "working the midnight shift." There is alienation as well as celebration here. Dancing may supply a "fairy tale high," but it's as unreal as the urban hustle it hopes to leave behind. Love alone confers real happiness, but love turns out to be a string of one-night stands which force Cinderella to degrade herself by flaunting her body.

Once Upon a Time is a major musical accomplishment, apotheosizing as well as commenting on an idiom that has nearly become petrified. ●

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Look closely and you can actually see where we hid a case of Canadian Club.

There are more than 7 million stories in the Big Apple. And one of them is a hidden case of Canadian Club whisky that is yours ...if you can find it.

Begin your search for the world's finest tasting whisky at the bottom of the world's 3rd tallest building. Immediately proceed by taxi in as straight a line as possible toward "The House that Ruth Built." Get out the second the meter reads $3.65 and walk toward the wonderful sound of 196 fountains. Hop onto the nearest double-decker bus and ride the same number of blocks as there are bridges out of town.

You're getting very close.

Now stroll over to a familiar mounted officer and climb into one of the cabs waiting for you. Tell the driver to make a right, a left and a right.

It is now time to board a train that some think was named after the smoothest whisky in 87 lands. Get off at a station near Adam Van Den Berg's cow pasture. Without paying another fare, take another train three stops.

Say, "C.C., please" and the case is yours.

Walk two blocks toward the setting sun and half that distance toward the nearest city reservoir. There, at a very prominent address, higher up than the eye can see, someone is ready to hand you the case of Canadian Club when you say, "C.C., please."

But if for some reason you should get a little weary along the way, don't panic. The New York area has 10,848 bars and restaurants that will be delighted to serve you Canada's favorite Canadian.

Canadian Club

"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

IMPORTED
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The Champ/by Calvin Fentress

FINAL TRIBUTE

After he beat up Muhammad Ali in Vegas, Leon Spinks recalled that as a kid in St. Louis he was the nicest guy on the block—"a very tough block," he quickly added. It must have been. You've got to be tough to wrinkle a legend.

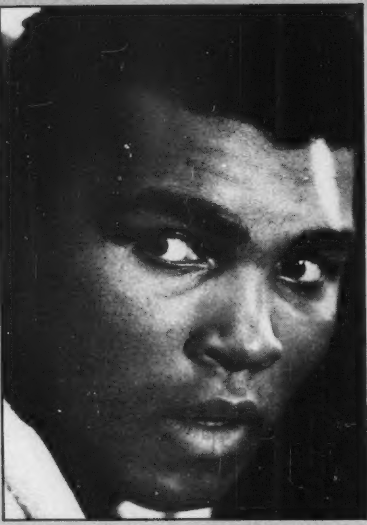
Spinks' up-from-the-ghetto, Marine-to-riches story is itself a more stirring tale than Sylvester Stallone ever dreamed of. But Leon is only life-size. It's not *his* fault that no one will ever name a stadium for him (as they did for Ali the other day in Bangladesh) or mount a children's TV show around his strength and cunning (as they have for Ali in Chicago).

Ali, Ali, Ali . . . He has been with us forever—manchild, gadfly, butterfly, bee, quickening our days, quenching our blood thirst. Live and in color, we've watched it all: Louisville, the Olympics, the Muslims; Liston, Frazier, Foreman; the grace, the guts, the heart. The fastest mouth this side of Mailer.

"He was good for the sport," said second-ranked Jimmy Young after the Spinks fight. Saying Ali is good for boxing is like saying oxygen is good for breathing. "I *am* boxing," exclaimed Ali, and that was closer to the mark. For the last two years, he was fighting mostly on memory, winning decisions he didn't deserve, a one-man over-the-hill gang clinging to the gravy train. But even then, there were flashes of his younger self—faster than fast, the swiftest, slickest heavyweight anyone ever did see.

The scalpel, not the bludgeon, was Ali's weapon of choice. Gawky beside him, his foes played bull to Ali's matador. He was the Fred Astaire of the ring, a top hat among the cauliflower. Hit, move, slip, slide—*zip, zip, pop, pop* . . . the whistling jab faster than a serpent's tongue, lashing the sweat off opponents' heads . . . You didn't have to love boxing to appreciate an *artiste* in action.

Final tribute? Nonsense. Ali, boy and man, Cassius and Muhammad, has gotten up from worse than this. *Frazier* was worse than this—"the next thing to death," Ali called it after the Thrilla in Manila (and he *won*). The irreverent Spinks is merely the latest (little does he suspect) in a long line of memorable Ali foils: the Bear, the Rabbit, the Acorn; Dundee, Bundini, Cossell; Sonji, Belinda, Veronica—supporting players all, all with their moments on the stage. His stage.


FRED KAPLAN/BLACK STAR

Final tribute? Preposterous. Ali will be back. I believe, oh Lord, I believe. Rematch, victory, retirement, the legend secure forever. And if not, what the hell—the legend is secure already. Like the Beatles (who came to watch him train), Ali is immutable, a benchmark of his time.

In the McLuhan age, Madison Square Garden could never hold him. (Even his name couldn't hold him.) Munich, Tokyo, Toronto, Kinshasa, Djakarta, Dublin—Ali fought everywhere, sometimes putting whole nations on the map as he went. He was our first global superstar.

And what staying power! Early on he mastered the care and feeding of the media, and he's milked it ever since. Even in defeat, we found him more compelling than any other gladiator of his age (notice who was on *Time*'s cover the week after Spinks' championship victory). For two decades, he put us on, knew that we knew, and put us on some more. We needed him, and he knew that, too.

Ali was inescapable to the public as well. He made sure of that. In and out of the ring, he took the big chances. He made a lot, spent a lot, gave a lot away—and it wasn't all money. Jeer him or cheer him, he was our main man and the best game in town.

The jive, the taunts, the *name* . . . wearing his blackness like a medal—it was all too uppity for many. Ali, reported the *New York Times* in 1967, was "intolerable to a large segment of white America." There remain disbelievers, of course. But call him what they will—an overrated blowhard, whatever—Ali is untouchable; his long dominance of his craft speaks for itself. Besides, his finest hours were never confined to the ring.

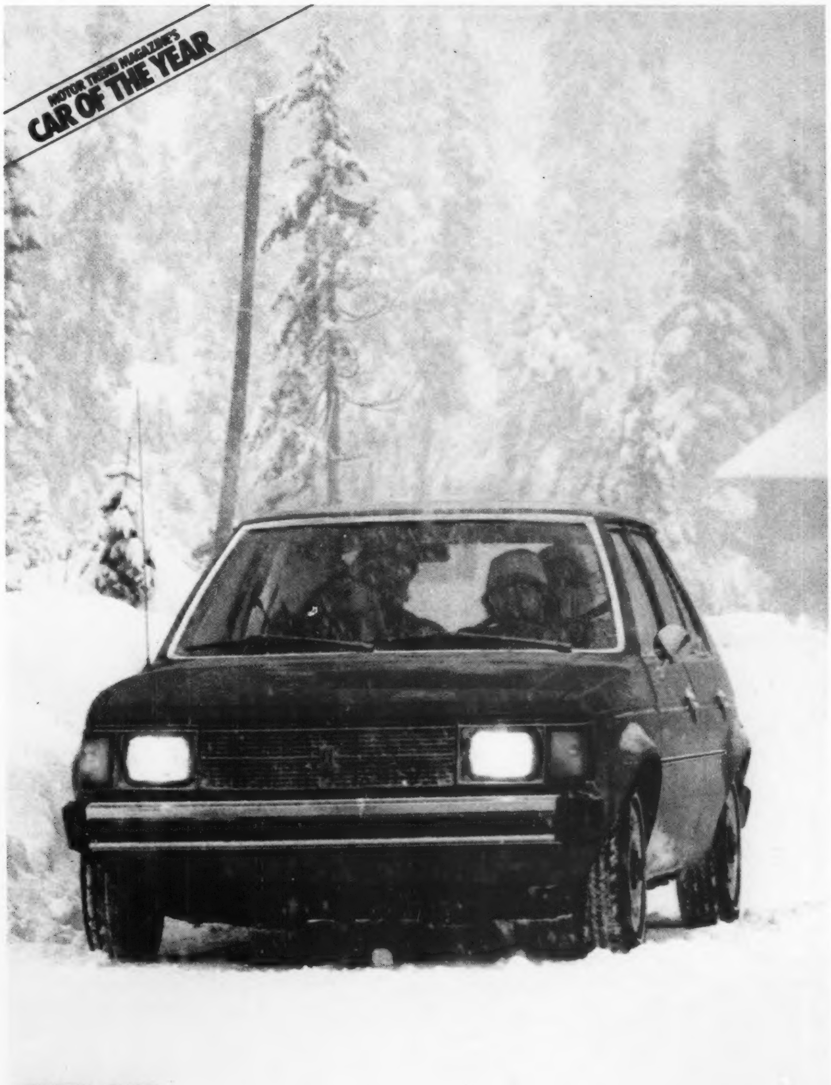
In his autobiography, the words stand like a tombstone midst the list of his fights: IN EXILE: APRIL 1967 TO SEPTEMBER 1970. Three years a champion, his biggest paydays at hand, Ali was barely 25 when he refused induction into the Army; for that exercise of conscience, he was sentenced to five years in prison and stripped of his title by the now-ludicrous World Boxing Association.

At 25, 26, 27, 28, Ali found himself in involuntary retirement, banned in his own country from the only profession he had ever known, his passport lifted so he couldn't practice it in any other, prime championship years slipping away forever. It was four years before the Supreme Court unanimously overturned his draft evasion conviction, seven before he would regain his title. The heavyweight championship of the world is no small thing, least of all to the son of a black Kentucky sign painter, and Ali plainly reveled in it. His enduring glory is that he let it all go. It wasn't worth the killing. As he put it for the rest of us, "I ain't got no quarrel with the Viet Cong."

Even in the ring, Ali infrequently seemed bent on mayhem. Through the years it was said that he lacked the killer instinct, that he couldn't finish his man (though he usually finished him enough). "There was always something in me that rebelled against boxing," he once explained. "I always had this image of two slaves in the ring."

"You wuz robbed," Ali's handlers insisted after he lost to Spinks. "I wasn't robbed," said Ali later that night. "We're all going to lose in life. You lose your mother, you lose your father, you lose people you love." But Ali is beyond defeat now, his championship season as incandescent as the lightning in his jab. When Leon Spinks is savored only by trivia buffs, the memory of Ali—sleek and strong and sassy—will still be young and easy under the apple boughs . . . *zip, zip, pop, pop, POW!* ●

BLIZZARD WIZARD.



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38 MPG HWY / **25** MPG CITY
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